THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

February, 1805.

MRS. BELLAMY.

[With a striking Portrait.]

GEORGE Ann Bellamy, the subject of our present memoir, was so named from the circumstance of her being born on St. George's day, April 23d, 1733, a few months after her mother's arrival in Ireland, with her husband, Captain Bellamy, who had married her at Lisbon. Her coming into the world was in unison with her future life, in discovering the shame of those with whom she was connected; for the time of her birth shewed the unhappy Captain, that the woman he had taken to his bosom, was with child at the period he had married her at Lisbon, where her original seducer, Lord Tyrawley, then resided: he immediately left the kingdom, and endeavoured to banish the remembrance that such a person existed, for he never saw or corresponded with her after.

Lord Tyrawley wrote to a Captain Pye, who resided near Fingal, to take the little stranger from its abandoned mother the moment it should be born; who accordingly took care of her till she was four

years of age, when he was directed to send her to France for education: there she was placed in the Convent of the Ursulines till she was eleven years old, when her father ordered her back to England. His Lordship was soon after appointed Ambassador to the Court of Russia; leaving his daughter to the care of a lady, under a prohibition never to see her mother, and appointing a hundred pounds a year, divided into quarterly payments, for her support.

Her first taste of calamity arose from a source which might perplex a casuist to determine its degree of demerit: during his Lordship's absence, her mother, being in great distress, had sought her daughter's acquaintance, who hastened to her relief, and expended her money and trinkets upon her; but found, when quarter-day arrived, the agent his Lordship had employed but too faithful to his trust: the condition had been broken on her part by going to her mother, and the supply was cut off; and the mother found the fruit of having tempted her daughter to disobedience, was an increase of her own distress, by having another to provide for, besides reducing her child from affluence and comfort, to a participation in her own wretchedness. These circumstances led the way to her introduction on the stage when she was in her fourteenth year, about 1747, when Messrs. Rich and Quin had the management at Covent-Garden, where she made her first appearance in the character of Monimia in the Orphan: this, and her performance of Eudosia in the Siege of Damascus, acquired popular applause, and the patronage of the nobility of her own sex. It is not our intention to follow Mrs. Bellamy through her theatrical career, or to give a journal of removals from London to Dublin, from Dublin to Edinburgh, &c. and the parts represented on each night of performance: all we shall report on this subject is, that, now local and temporary prejudices are done away, which at one time elevate a player above his true level, and at another

time unjustly depress him as much, Mrs. Bellamy seems to have been a very respectable performer of the second class.

The period at which she commenced actress, seems to have been marked for profligacy of manners among the Great; and sixty years after, we are surprised to see their deeds those of titled ruffians, fashionable profligates, who gloried in giving celebrity and *eclat* to their abandoned conduct. The playhouses were given up to their licentious practices; and the well-known anecdote of the Duchess of Queensberry suddenly entering the green-room, and becoming petrified with horror, on seeing Mrs. Woffington with a pot of porter in her hand, giving for a toast, "Confusion to all order," was but too complete a representation of general manners.

The point of time chosen for Miss Bellamy to go off with her seducer, was during the representation at the theatre, and before she had discharged her duty to the public by finishing her part: and we are astonished to hear that a young actress of sixteen, and her gallant, durst insult an English audience, by leaving them to sit in stupid amazement in the midst of a performance; and our surprise is not lessened at the apology being accepted, when Quin told the spectators, that "the whimsical girl had left Heartfree (her lover in the play that night) and found one more to her purpose." If we are not thus exposed to be treated with contempt in our amusements, if our managers possess more energy to preserve order, and the violence of abandoned men of pleasure is in some degree restrained, let us attribute it to its genuine source, the example of our amiable Sovereign, and the dread a profligate man of quality would feel in approaching his august presence, after such a public breach of good order and decency.

Were we to attempt to follow her through the detail of her subsequent irregularities, we should greatly exceed our limits, and, we fear, offend our fair rea-

ders: we will not then stain the pages of our Museum with even the names, however great or splendid in other respects, which she has recorded in her well-known "Apology for her own Life," wherein she has given the public some revenge upon the corruptors of the national morals, by exhibiting them as following in her train.

Her work contains abundant confirmation of the miseries attendant on a life like hers; and that the Governor of the universe has not left himself without witness in the present world, by punishing an open disregard to the order he has established, and the comforts he has connected with "wedded love," the sacred band of society. At one time we behold her rioting in splendour and sensuality; at another, pining in want, and dreading a prison; sufferings rendered more poignant by contrast, like the extremes of ice and fire: as suddenly raised again to the pinnacle of luxurious enjoyment; and by and bye, without a shilling, or one of her admirers to comfort her, wandering in St. George's Fields, at eleven o'clock at night, meditating suicide, which she attempted at the foot of Westminster Bridge; and finally, labouring, to the end of life, under the pressure of indigence, and depending on casual and scanty benefactions.—Considerations like these may make even *her* life useful to her sex, and instruct beyond whole volumes of moral precepts, which are generally found too feeble to influence the conduct in the hour of temptation.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I AM about to transmit to you, for the perusal of such of your fair readers as admire history, an account of some singular customs observed by the inhabitants of an Island in the north-west of Europe;

to

to a part of which I was an eye-witness myself. These islanders had an established religion, which operated some centuries since, in checking the progress of moral depravity; but its influence has latterly declined; and they seem, in this respect, to be waning towards that barbarity, which ascribed the direction of this sublunary sphere to gods and goddesses. Such, however, was the opinion I formed, from certain customs and ceremonies, which seemed to be adopted in compliance with the directions of some superior agent, who may, from her power, be termed a goddess.

The outlines of her character, and that of her worshippers, you will find in the following sketch. She exercises the most despotic sway over her votaries; notwithstanding, she has more temples in this island than all the gods and goddesses of the ancients put together. There are particular seasons of the year, when her votaries meet, to learn her pleasure, which is to be ascertained only by the habit and dress of those who preside over her affairs. To imitate them in this, and other respects, is the duty of each individual, professing subjection, which they always do to the extent of their ability.

The greater part of her subjects are females; though her influence is by no means confined to them only; for you may see many men as anxious to distinguish themselves as the women. The variety of shapes and colors adopted in a few years, is astonishing. At one time I remember the ladies had their petticoats stuck out with whalebone, while the gentlemen wore long coats, and large buttons from top to bottom. At present it is quite the reverse: the ladies now wear very thin petticoats, which cling to the body; and the gentlemen, short coats, and few buttons. About a century ago, you might see a female so completely wrapped up, that no part could be seen, but the hands and face: a short time since,

there was a most liberal display of head, face, neck, arms, and legs; indeed, at that time, I thought the goddess (if she be one) had determined to kick *modesty* out of society.

As to dictating what form of dress shall be adopted from time to time, that might pass very well when kept within the *bounds of moderation*, being an encouragement to the industrious part of the community; but, unfortunately, she will not stop here. If a president of her mysteries has got a sore throat, her admirers must not be behind hand. Such was the case when an influenza had made its appearance —you were nobody if you had not the influenza: this, I must confess, is an *outrageous* abuse of authority: but she is not content even with this, but appears determined to undermine the morals of her too pliant votaries.

Formerly a man and his wife might be seen endeavouring to make each other comfortable: this will not do for the present generation. Separate tables, separate pursuits, separate purses, separate beds, and not unfrequently a separate maintenance, serve to distinguish her votaries from others. She has absolutely patronised swearing, duelling, gaming, and drunkenness: indeed, it appears to me, that she is bent upon trying the extent of her influence, and to convert all whom she governs *absolutely*, into knaves or fools; and it is evident sometimes, that she endeavours to transform men into monkeys and puppies. *Such* is the outline of *that* power which extends itself to all, in a greater or less degree; and *such the immoderate influence of* THE GODDESS OF FASHION IN ENGLAND!

Jan. 1, 1805. MODERATUS.

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXVIII.

THOUGH it is impossible I can attend to all the letters I receive in the character of the OLD WOMAN, (and some of them probably would do little credit to their writers, even were I indifferent about my own,) yet I feel it a duty to receive with indulgence, what manifestly comes with a good intention; and when the subject appears likely to interest or instruct my readers, I am happy to devote an occasional paper to the insertion of my correspondents' favors: and I hope those who find themselves neglected, will not be angry with me for exercising my own discretion, and suppressing what they would themselves, on mature reflection, be sorry to see in print. For instance, as is sometimes the real case, if a Miss, scarcely entered her teens, asks my advice respecting a lover, and inveighs against her mother for not giving him a kind reception; if a wife, forgetting her duty to her husband, attempts to engage me in her favor, when she is disposed to bid defiance to his lawful commands; I surely cannot shew myself more their friend, than by consigning to oblivion the folly of the one, and the worthlessness of the other.

The following letters, however, seem liable to no reasonable objection on general grounds; and I allow the writers to speak for themselves; though, had vanity actuated me, I should have suppressed the last.

"Missletoe Hall, Christmas Day.

"My venerable Sister,

"Though I am not aware that I am allied to you by blood, I presume to call you *sister*, from the similarity

milarity of our fortunes, and our being so nearly contemporaries; for I have long been a widow, and was left almost in the same situation as you describe; and if the register speaks truth, I have passed my grand climacteric, as well as yourself. Hence there appears to be that affinity between us, which I hope will justify my troubling you with a few observations on the present festival, which, in my younger days, was kept in such a different manner, that I can scarcely recognise it to be the same, did I not trust to the calendar, and feel a reverential regard for the occasion of its institution.

"But, leaving the religious part of the observance out of the question, though I am heartily sorry it is not better attended to, I shall speak only of those innocent pastimes which used to accompany its annual return; and though neither you nor I, perhaps, are so well qualified to enjoy them as we were some fifty years ago, yet, I flatter myself, the recollection of past scenes of harmless gaiety will be equally grateful to us both.

"Well can I remember, that the approach of Christmas used to be looked forward to, by young people in particular, as the happiest season of the year; and even the old regarded it as a period when they might give and receive felicity with a superior degree of success. What heart did not throb, when the missletoe was suspended from some beam, where the blushing maiden was frequently obliged to pass! and what jokes used to echo round the house, when she was caught and saluted, not unwillingly, in the act of passing under its mystic branch! Then we had hunting the slipper, questions and commands, forfeits, blindman's buff, and a hundred other harmless pastimes, the very names of which will soon be forgotten in this polite and refined age. For now, though I cannot think young people are a bit more virtuous at heart than their grandfathers and grandmothers,

mothers, the fashion has introduced such a demureness of behaviour, under the name of "correctness of manners," that the boarding-school miss, and the boy of fifteen, sit as prim in company, as if it were a crime to move a muscle of their face, or a limb, without some urgent occasion. No doubt, they can romp when they are removed from the eye of control, as well as we could at their age; but being restrained in all their natural motions, by a fastidious delicacy, in the presence of their elders, they are probably less guarded in their conduct when at liberty, than such as have been taught to consider innocent mirth, and lively spirits, as allowable, if not praise-worthy, in youth.

"But these things are trivial, compared to what I am going to mention. At Christmas, Hospitality formerly opened her doors, and Want for a time was unknown. The rich and the great threw some of their "superflux" on the poor, and thus "shewed the Heavens more just:" they fed the hungry; they clothed the naked; and, combining fellow-feeling with a sense of religious duty, diffused happiness in their respective circles. Now the old mansion is generally deserted; or, if it should be visited at this season of the year, it is only to introduce a set of fashionable idlers and ramblers, while its doors are barred against the peasant, who may pass unnoticed; and who seldom knows the Lord of the mansion, should he accidentally meet him, from one of his guests. Public places are filled, while the rural seat is left to ruin and desolation; and the only use or enjoyment of large domains, is now centered in the money they will produce, in order that it may be squandered away in tasteless amusements, and dissipated pleasures. This picture, in all its principal features, I fear, applies to most districts of the kingdom: certainly in the neighbourhood in which I live, there is not a gentleman of any rank at his family mansion,

mansion, on the day of the date of this letter, though neither the business of the nation, or the defence of the country, seem, at this moment, to demand their absence. Absent, indeed, they are from any duty of the kind I have named; unless the affairs of the state, or the defence of Britain, can only be successfully attended to at Bath, and similar places: but when it is considered, how much better, and more creditably, they might spend their time at their family seats, I am sorry, heartily sorry, that they are more eager after those selfish pleasures which centre in themselves, than in studying to diffuse comfort and satisfaction over a neighbourhood, from which they derive the supplies that feed their vanity, and minister to their dissipation.

"Should you view these things in the same light I do, you will, I hope, enforce my observations in that impressive manner, for which your writings are distinguished; and, in particular, I beg you will advise your own sex, not to mislead their husbands, and fathers, by urging them to pursue every phantom of pleasure at public places, when they might have the sublime gratification of spreading happiness, at an infinitely smaller expense, over a whole neighbourhood; and receive the prayers and blessings of the poor and the miserable, whom their bounty relieved. I am, my worthy sister, yours in love as in age,

"DORCAS MISSLETOE."

I perfectly agree with my sensible and benevolent correspondent, Mrs. Missletoe, in her general sentiments; but she has written so ably on the subject, that I feel my incapacity to give additional energy to her arguments, in particular, as far as they refer

to

to the too common desertion of family mansions, at a season when the possessors are more peculiarly called upon, by every tie, human and divine, to administer to the wants of their poor neighbours and dependents.

" Drama-Place, Play-Street.

" My old Quiz!

" What signifies all your grave lectures about prudence and propriety, and dress, and nonsense? No person of *taste* minds your antiquated morality, and your obsolete notions. You do not, indeed, old mother, seem to have the most distant idea of gentility and high life, or you would never take upon you, as you do, to censure modes and customs, which are sanctioned by the highest characters in the kingdom, and therefore must be right. I fancy you are matron of some parish school, and write for the instruction of the *young ladies* under your care. Were I one of them—though God forbid!—I mean, if it were in my power—I would soon kick up a rebellion against you, and teach you better manners, than to pretend instructing your betters. Perhaps you fancy your age gives you authority. Enjoy the distinction—no one, I assure you, will envy you; but I see no right years give you to be impertinent, and censorious, and I know not what. Old and ugly, however, as I doubt not you are, I find you have a sufficient share of vanity, as well as presumption. It seems you intend to exhibit your phiz; but let me caution you against giving us a *striking likeness*, as your publisher promises; for if you do, you will be sure to be known; and depend on it, if I meet you, you may expect

expect to be hooted like an owl from the society of the elegant and the gay, should you ever venture to come within their circle.

"But, to shew I can forgive, and that I have no very contemptible opinion of your abilities, if you would take my advice, and alter your style and subject, I, and the rest of the *beau monde*, would have no objection to take you under our immediate patronage. What I propose is, that you should write in praise of the existing fashions, whatever they may be; and that you would recommend young persons, as the only chance they have of gaining knowledge, and of being noticed, to frequent public places, and especially the theatres. Why, you have never said a word in favor of that dear divine fellow, the *Young Roscius*, who is worth all the old women in the kingdom! I am this instant called to sally to the theatre, to behold this prodigy for the third time; and I wish you, in revenge for not complimenting him, as good a *squeeze* as I expect to go through, before I can reach my box. So prays yours,

"MATILDA MADCAP."

The only revenge I shall take on Miss Matilda Madcap, is to allow her to expose herself, by giving her letter without the smallest variation. Perhaps I could not have inflicted a greater, and it certainly is not in my nature to seek it. She may be assured, however, that she can never know me personally; and as for my writings, they must stand or fall by the opinion of abler judges than I can allow Miss Matilda Madcap to be.

A TALE

A TALE OF SORROW.

One single wrong step may cost us the repose and happiness of our life. MADAME DE GENLIS.

AT the age of sixteen, Eliza Darlington was celebrated for beauty, wit, and accomplishments; every indulgence which fond affection could bestow, was lavished on her; her education was expensive, her dress costly, and her friends numerous: her good understanding was perverted by flattery, and her amiable propensities were destroyed by the weeds which mistaken partiality suffered to grow up with them. Among all her admirers, her heart remained untouched, till Edward Selwyn danced with her at an assembly: his ease, his elegance, and, above all, his unassuming manners, engaged her attention. He did not immediately profess himself her lover; but Vanity whispered to her, that his eyes confessed her power. The character of Selwyn was held in general estimation: his person was calculated to please, and his fortune unobjectionable. Eliza thought it an important conquest, and left no means untried to rivet his fetters: but Selwyn was not of a disposition easily subdued to slavery; with an excellent heart, he possessed sound judgment, and a spirit rather too inflexible: he saw her faults; and, while he admired her perfections, he dreaded lest they should overpower his reason. Eliza perceived her advantage; and, anxious to succeed, adapted her manners to his taste: by this she confirmed her ascendancy: to mutual confidence succeeded mutual affection; till assured certainty of success occasioned carelessness, and Eliza relapsed into her usual habits of dissipation. Alarmed at this instability, and trusting too securely in her affections, Selwyn assumed an air of indifference foreign to his feelings, and equally painful: he first remonstrated; then finding that she triumphed in "subduing his prejudices," as she expressed herself, he affected to become a man of the world—though sensibly hurt by this change in his

behaviour, while conscious that her own folly had occasioned it. Eliza had too much false pride to yield to his wishes, but trifled with a rival, whose constant assiduities were a grateful tribute to her vanity. Selwyn, trusting to the rectitude of her principles, and convinced that he was the sole object of her regard, felt no real alarm, but coolly seeking an opportunity, informed her, that the time proposed for the celebration of their nuptials must be postponed, as they were both young, and should not enter hastily into engagements they might have future cause to repent. Irritated by this insult, Eliza complained to her confidential friends, who, too happy in the power of inflicting mortification on an envied object, increased her indignation by raising her jealousy. A very pretty lady, a foreigner, resided in the neighbourhood. Selwyn had been frequently seen to go into the house where she lived, and was actually detected holding her hand in his at the window. "I will think no more of him," said Eliza, disdainfully; "he is unworthy. Neville is sincerely attached to me, yet I slight one who lives but in my smiles, for an ingrate! I will think no more of him." Yet Eliza could think of nothing else; and her anxiety rose to a most distressing height. "I will not be trifled with," said she, catching up a pen, with which she wrote to Selwyn.—

"Sir,

"I once flattered myself that the regard you professed for me was sincere: I am now convinced of my error, and wish to release you from engagements which your attachment to a certain Frenchwoman must render equally irksome to you, as to your

"Humble servant,

"Eliza Darlington."

In a few hours Miss Darlington received this answer:

"Eliza,

"In believing my regard sincere, you did me justice; yet I own that it is time our engagement should end, when you place spies on my conduct to misinterpret

terpret my actions. Jealousy, my dear Eliza, is a dreadful weakness, the source of many calamities: were I not convinced of this, I might recriminate: as it is, I can only warn you to beware of hasty conclusions; and also be satisfied, that I will be an independent master of my own actions. If you think this harsh, I am grieved that I am compelled to be so plain with you: if you expect unlimited submission to your mandates and opinions, I cannot promise to conform. Seek not to torment yourself with groundless apprehensions, or me with undeserved reproaches; listen but to the admonitions of your own heart in an hour of calm reflection, and I will cheerfully abide by its decision.

"Ever your's,

"E. Selwyn."

"So cold, so philosophic!" exclaimed Eliza, tearing the letter; "he will not make the smallest concession: am I then to be tyrannized over? No, never! His letter is not worth an answer." At that moment Neville appeared in all the charms of youth, elegance, and fashion: he loved Eliza, but it was not with the steady attachment of Selwyn; he admired her person; and her value was enhanced in his estimation, by the avidity with which she was sought. Neville perceived her weakness, and availed himself of it to his own advantage. Too impetuous to reflect, Eliza yielded to the impulse of the moment, and admitted the attentions of Neville as a consolation to her wounded spirit: her encouragement revived his sinking hopes, and Neville was all submission to her wishes. "I will punish this stubborn Selwyn," cried Eliza, "if I sacrifice myself: he strives to subdue me, but I renounce him for ever: his heart shall ache, as mine now does." Ere the rash phrenzy of resentment had subsided, Eliza gave her hand to Neville. They were married! Eliza! unhappy victim, thine was a fatal revenge. The company were seated after dinner, amusing themselves with some trifling game; Eliza alone was pen-

sive: her husband leaned over her chair, and gazed with rapture on a countenance lovely in its saddest expression. An unusually loud knock at the door startled the party; and their consternation was encreased by the sudden appearance of Selwyn, who, pale, agitated, and in disordered apparel, rushed into the room: he fixed his eyes wildly on the trembling bride: "Eliza!" said he, regardless of the company, "you have undone yourself. You love me still; your rashness is my death. I am much to be blamed —I might have prevented this. Can you forgive me?"—Eliza was incapable of motion: she strove to extend her hand, but it fell nerveless by her side. Neville interfered: "What means this, Sir? Why do you come to disturb our"—"Wedding day!!" rejoined Selwyn, with a convulsive laugh. "But I have nothing to do with you, Sir. Eliza! your ring is steeped in blood! Remember! But say that you forgive me; say it: oh, bless me with that one word." The company thought him intoxicated, and strove to divert his attention. He knelt at the feet of Eliza: she trembled with horror; and faintly articulating, "Selwyn, I forgive you," extended her hand to him. It was her left hand. He suddenly dashed it from him; and rising with an air of sudden recollection, said, "Well then, Eliza, you have much to forgive. The Frenchwoman was my unhappy sister: the secrecy in which she lived was occasioned by fear of her vile, unworthy husband. Want of confidence has been our ruin—behold the dreadful expiation!" ——The wretched Selwyn drew a pistol from his pocket, and instantaneously terminated his miserable existence. Eliza became frantic; she tore her hair, and clasped the lifeless body in her arms, till forcibly deprived of that melancholy gratification—an alarming illness succeeded, terminated by a complete mental derangement; and Neville now possesses only the wreck of that beauty he so ardently coveted; while Eliza, the once blooming, idolized object of affection, remains the hapless victim of rashness, vanity, and misguided opinions. E. F.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

WHEN ingratitude to the authors of our being discovers itself, (in the female character in particular,) what a contemptible opinion must we entertain of her, who, regardless of every tender tie, and forgetful of that fostering care, without which she must have fallen an early victim to helplessness and want, unfeelingly rends the heart-strings of an unfortunate though indulgent parent, by contemptuous neglect and indifference! Such is the character of Flavia: nurtured in the bosom of affection, she knew no cares, but those arising from caprice; no wants, but the phantoms of imagination. Her father, (whom we shall distinguish by the name of Barton,) naturally volatile and good-humoured, at an early period, unfortunately contracted acquaintance with a few persons of a similar disposition, though more affluent circumstances; the result of which was, a total dislike to domestic enjoyments, neglect in his professional avocations, though little more remaining to him, than a sufficiency to discharge the debts incurred by a thoughtless and infatuated propensity. From a poignant sense of injury, and want of duty to his wife and only child, (as well as some circumstances which are of too delicate a nature to be mentioned,) he found it absolutely necessary, for their future welfare, to quit this country, however painful to his awakened feelings the idea might be of such a separation. With a very trifling sum, he therefore embarked for ——, after having discharged the whole of his debts, and leaving for his wife the remainder of his property, which, united with her own laudable endeavours, enabled herself and daughter to maintain a respectable appearance. When arrived in ——, without a friend with whom to advise, he keenly felt those bitter pangs of remorse,

whose source is derived from error and irregularity; and scarcely knowing what situation most likely to suit his purpose, by the greatest accident, he met with an old acquaintance, (a man of property and extensive connections,) to whom he disclosed the whole of his hapless tale. Touched by his misfortunes, and finding him totally reclaimed, this gentleman, with a benevolence truly characteristic of friendship and humanity, so far interested himself in his behalf, as shortly to contribute very materially to his comfort, by procuring him tolerable practice in his profession. Several years elapsed without any particular occurrence, further than Barton writing to, and receiving letters from, his wife; who, although she had once experienced such slight and neglect at his hands, could not divest herself of that tender affection which an early attachment had so deeply implanted. In two or three of his last letters, he expressed a very great desire (his wife and himself being rather advanced in years) once more to visit her he had formerly so maltreated; that he might, before he had finished life's weary pilgrimage, obtain her forgiveness, press her and his child in comfort to his heart, and then (as his stay with them must have been attended with the worst of consequences) return in some degree satisfied, to close his eyes among strangers. Mrs. B——, ignorant of his sentiments, and fearing that unhappy effects might result from his presence in ——, was under the necessity of suffering his letters to remain unanswered, not knowing in what terms to couch a denial to the only man she loved. From this silence, B—— drew the most distressing conclusions; and apprehensive that his wife was no more, or so unwell as to be incapable of answering him, immediately left —— and arrived in ——, the seat of his former indiscretions. Mrs. B—— possessing an extremely delicate constitution, and being unacquainted with his arrival, found herself so much fluttered and shocked by an interview, after a lapse

of

of so many years, that nature being unequal to sustain it, on the second day afterward, she was seized with a violent fit of apoplexy, which terminated an existence replete with anxiety and sorrow. Judge the distress of mind this unexpected and melancholy event, of which he was the innocent cause, must have occasioned poor B——; how painful the reflection, that his dearest friend should be thus hastily snatched away, when scarcely she had assured him of her forgiveness: but the ways of Providence are dark and inscrutable, and it is our duty with resignation and patience to bow to its awful decrees. Let us now take a survey of the conduct of his daughter, who, arrived at the age of twenty-five, and having for several years in some degree assisted her mother professionally, was very desirous to occupy the same situation, provided her father would allow her the whole of the household goods, plate, &c. &c. exactly as they stood. This request from a child to an aged parent, destitute of any other property whatever, must appear to a reflecting mind, as extraordinary as selfish and unfeeling; yet Barton, inattentive to his own future support, and alive solely to his child's happiness and comfort, with an unequalled generosity, caused a deed of gift to be drawn, and actually presented her with the whole of his effects. Such an act as this, we might naturally conclude, must, independently of her duty as a daughter, have impressed the mind of Flavia with the most lively sentiments of gratitude, veneration, and love, for her benevolent parent; but benefits to the unworthy, are as bubbles on the water's surface, which one moment, from their lustre, may command attention; the next, diffused into air, lose every vestige of their former existence, and are no more remembered. Before we proceed any further, it will be necessary to say, that Barton at this time received a letter from his brother abroad, pressing him to visit —— From this, not making the least doubt he should spend the remainder

remainder of his days with him, (as he was a bachelor, far advanced in years, and the only surviving relative of the family,) he wrote to his friend in —— informing him of his supposed good fortune; and, after having gratefully returned thanks for the many acts of kindness received at his hands, repaired to his sorrow-feigning daughter, of whom he took an affectionate leave. By a prosperous voyage, he soon arrived at the place of his destination, where having met with a most cordial reception, he now began to conceive that his evil genius had completely forsaken him: but the busy and malevolent voice of calumny pursued him even to this retreat; six weeks having scarcely elapsed, before he became sensible of the greatest change and coldness in his brother's behaviour. Unconcious of having in any respect offended, he enquired the cause, when, to his unspeakable grief and astonishment, he found that the whole of his past follies had been minutely detailed, with many additional aggravations, which too well succeeded in seducing from him his brother's regard. To add to the cup of misery, whose dregs he was destined most largely to imbibe, he now received a letter from ——, stating the unwelcome intelligence of the death of his friend, who, a fortnight before, had fallen a victim to a violent fever. Under such a complication of woes, a common mind must despondingly have sunk; but Barton, to whom disappointment was no new thing, in some degree contented himself with the flattering hope, that Fortune might soon change to brighter prospects. From an increased reserve in his brother's behaviour, together with frequent intimations too pointed to be misunderstood, he was perfectly aware, that it would be impossible for him to remain long in his present situation: and knowing, from the answer to the letter he had written to his friend in ——, that he must of course have lost his connection there, he was about to give himself up to the glooms of despair; when, calling to mind the

success

success he had previously met with, and feeling a consciousness of having acted with a strict sense of propriety, he resolved to return, and, by a recital of his late miseries to those whose favors he had witnessed, throw himself upon their humanity. With a heavy heart, and tear-bedewed eyes, he bade farewell to his credulous but inexorable brother; and arriving in England in his route to ——, consoled himself, in some measure, with the idea that he should once more embrace his only child. He therefore, with this intent, repaired to Flavia's house, where, by her commands, (for she had been apprized of his arrival,) he was assured she was not within. Disappointed, he informed the servant his name, and where he might be met with; desiring her to mention to his daughter, that he would call again on the morrow. While preparing to pay a second visit, he received a note from Flavia, intimating, that, from the earnest solicitations of her friends, it was impossible for her to see him; and to confirm this assertion, on the following day, she absolutely left ——, not to return till assured of her father's absence. This to poor B—— was a severe stroke indeed; nay, it harrowed up his very soul, to think that his only child, for whom he had evinced such tender regard, should, forgetful of the considerable obligations so lately conferred, and callous to those feelings for a parent, which powerfully and instinctively prevail in every generous breast, cruelly desert and flee him, careless of his present or future sufferings. Dejected and forsaken, he once more embarked for ——, where he safely arrived; and though upwards of sixty-five years of age, is, by dire necessity, compelled to combat with the frowns of fortune; or, in a more succinct expression, *begin the world anew*; while his daughter, enjoying all the comforts of life, (effects of a father's liberality,) scorns the difficulties of a less fortunate situation, as well as one tributary sigh of regret to the sorrows of her parent and benefactor.

nefactor. Gentle reader, if thou shouldest not consider me presuming, may I be indulged, by proposing to thee two or three simple questions? From the placid smile that plays around thy lips, I feel an assurance of thy assent; under such flattering auspices, I am therefore encouraged to proceed. Has the blessing of a parent's care attended thy more mature years? Hast thou at any time suffered particular illness or misfortune, and thou didst not observe the tear of affection and sympathy moisten his anxious eye? Dost thou not owe him more than gratitude, for the unceasing trouble and assistance attendant on, and necessary to, the helpless state of childhood? Is he not the well-spring of thy existence; and couldst thou bear to see him tossed on the merciless ocean of misery and distress, without extending thy hand to rescue him from perdition? or, if this was not in thine own power, wouldst thou not, impelled by the voice of nature, call for assistance upon those more capable to afford it? Can I hesitate for a moment to answer in the affirmative? If even common gratitude warms thy breast, thou wouldst with love and reverence share, nay, give (and still consider thyself indebted) thy last farthing and morsel to him who is the author of thy being. How different are those from the sentiments of the selfish Flavia, who tramples upon filial duty as an unworthy claim! But the day of retribution will undoubtedly arrive, when, tortured by the racks of a wounded conscience, she must, with horror and remorse, dreadfully feel the enormity of her crime: for, although the sun-shine of prosperity may for a while dazzle the ungrateful and disobedient; yet, in an unlooked-for moment, some ill inevitably overtakes them, which amply repays for their former transgressions.

AMICUS.

MIRTH,

How far to be indulged.

I WAS led into the following reflections, by a few observations I made the other evening on the conduct and manners of a party of young ladies, among whom I have frequently an opportunity of associating. It seemed as if they considered the enjoyment of an evening's visit to consist in the loudest and most violent expressions of laughter, which were liberally indulged on the slighest remark or incident; they appeared to have taken up the idea, that the greatest distortions of countenance, and the most writhing gesticulations of body, were the only sure symptoms of pleasure and gaiety.

When the blessings of life, or even the pleasures of an evening's amusement, are enjoyed with prudence, and a modest cheerfulness, dignity of character is still retained, and all the powers and faculties of the mind remain even and unruffled. But when all those bursts of laughter, those sudden flashes of the mind, (which can be but short and transient at best,) are too repeatedly indulged, Mirth becomes then gaiety without modesty, jollity without prudence, and festivity without consistency.

Mirth, in its proper composed and tranquil sense, will banish from the heart every uneasy and irksome thought, even under the pressure of affliction and distress; and will teach it to express its gratitude for the mercies of Providence under every dispensation. The heart of a virtuous man is ever cheerful and serene, implicitly acquiescing in the state wherein Divine Omnipotence has placed him; but those "little cracklings of mirth and folly," as a certain elegant writer expresses it, "which unthinking minds are subject to, are apter to betray virtue than support it," and render us incapable of being pleasant to ourselves, to our companions, or to Him whom

it ought to be the study of our whole lives to please. Not that austerity of manners is at all requisite, or an inflexible conformity to all the rigid principles of Stoicism; but to preserve a gladness of mind, which will produce on the countenance an unvarying and perpetual serenity.

It is generally to be observed, that whoever is addicted to such violent mirth, and such frequent bursts of laughter, vanity is not unfrequently the prevailing characteristic of their mind; and one cannot help supposing the person to be conscious of great superiority over those at whose expense the laugh is enjoyed. Surely nothing can betray more vulgarity, a lower education, or greater ignorance, than such endeavours to sink into contempt, those with whom we converse.

Adeliza is a lady who possessed this fault in a very considerable degree. Beauty has been the means by which she has steered her course through a period of forty years with some *eclat*. Her toilette occupied more of her attention than the cultivation of her genius and talents. Romping, ridiculous jokes, frequent and loud bursts of laughter, and flirting and coquetting with the men, were her only amusements, till all her lovers and danglers fell off, and left her totally unattended.

At length, however, she met with one whom she vainly imagined would return the affection she entertained. She loved, but was slighted. From that time, despair and anguish took possession of her mind; and she now dwindles out the remainder of her earthly existence, unhappy, fretful, and comfortless. Such is too often the fate of those who suffer the giddiness of youth to usurp all sense of dignity and propriety; and who, trusting to a small share of fleeting beauty, betray weakness, while they expect applause; disgust, where they might excite admiration. THERESA HATTON.

DISTURBANCE

DISTURBANCE AT SCHOOL;

OR,

THE MOCK LAWYER.

An Attempt at Dramatic Writing.

By THEODORE BLABTRUTH, GENT.

No plot? for shame! the piece deserves to rot!
Is not dramatic fame all gain'd by plot?

[Concluded from page 24.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter FARMER BAFFLEBODY.

Farmer B. CONJURE me into a pound of butter, if ever I met with such a drouty fellow. What a devil business had I to *hank on* with him? I must not say a word o' this to *our* wife; or I shall be *all* the silly fellows in the world.—Now I'm on my road to the Boarding-School, to see my sweet little daughter. How glad the dear *Honey* will be to see me! She will be a lady by this time, and——

Enter JOHN BLUNT *in a clownish dress.*

(Catches hold of FARMER BAFFLEBODY'S *coat laps.)*

Farmer B. What——

Blunt. Oh, Sir, an ye please, shew me the North Road.

Farmer B. Another Bilk'em, faith. *(Extricates himself in a hurry, and exit.)*

Blunt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!

Servant crosses in boots and spurs.

Blunt. (Stopping him.) Now, Sir, dinna be angry —Tell me where I am.

Servant. What does the fellow mean?—I scarce know where I am myself. *(Looking at* BLUNT.*)* By

my conscience, a smart fellow. I'll be bound thou hast been reared in the back-kitchen, and confined the first fifteen years of thy life in a wash-tub.

Blunt. Yes.—*(Much frightened.)*

Servant. I thought so. *(Turning from Blunt.)* This post-office is certainly—I say, Sneak, can thou direct me to the post-office?

Blunt. N—o—o—*(Frightened.)*

Servant. Why need I ask such a farm-yard of a fellow as that? I wish all my master's letters were posted to the Devil, for he is going there himself very soon, and then he might receive 'em all at once in a packet. [*Exit.*

Blunt. I'm glad thou's gone, however: and by my mother's night-cap, if ever I was in such a town. To be sure there was a civil, tall, genteel, little man, shewed me into a street which he said was the North Road; and I went up that street till I came to a fine huge building, with a vast of coaches and chaises at the door. I stood to look at it a bit, when, all of a sudden, up flies a window, and a fine man, with a shining red coat, (I dare say there was gold about it,) signed for me to go in. I went; and the first thing I met with, was a pistol fired in my ear. Odsheart, how I was freightened! I took my heels, and run for't; and now I'm here; and I don't know where I am. *(Looking about.)*

Enter BILK'EM, *not observing* BLUNT.

Bilk'em. Oh, that I may succeed! What an exuberant titillation, to squeeze the mellow hand of sixteen! Right toe perpendicular, my dear. Loving words, that it—But these Boarding-Schools are so saucy.—Oh, *(observing* BLUNT,) stumps and parchment, what have I got here?

Blunt. Please, Sir, what part of the town is this?—

Bilk'em. Very intricate part.—I'll bleed him. *(Aside.)*

Blunt.

Blunt. In't—what did you say, in't please ye?

Bilk'em. What are you?

Blunt. A poor man, Sir.

Bilk'em. Sorry for that.—Dangerous part of the town this.

Blunt. Oh dear! oh, dear!—But you'll——

Bilk'em. What's your business?

Blunt. A simple driver of cattle, in't please you.

Bilk'em. Who for?

Blunt. My masters, in't please ye.—Oh dear!

Bilk'em That's of course.—What's their names?

Blunt. Crippletoe and Shoutbetter, Sir.

Bilk'em. Ho—you've got your wages, I presume.

Blunt. No; I hav'nt, in't please you.

Bilk'em. No—what have you to take you home?

Blunt. Only four shillings.

Bilk'em. You've got into a bad place—I wish you may get safe out of it.

Blunt. Oh dear! Oh dear!

Bilk'em. If I was in your situation, I would give four shillings to any person who would shew me out of it.—Now I'll tip him. *(Aside.)*

Blunt. But you'll——

Bilk'em. I'm off—*(Going.)*

Blunt. Then I'll follow you.

Bilk'em. Will you?—Curse me, but he's a deep one. Ha! that thought's worth something—I have it—I'll frighten him.—*(Aside.)*—Hem—I'm going to the gaol, my good fellow.

Blunt. Oh Lard!—*(Starts back.)*

Bilk'em. You'll go, will you?

Blunt. No. *(Sheepishly.)*

Bilk'em. Then stay—I'm off.—*(Going.)*—I would not be in your situation for the world.

Blunt. Where am I? where am I?—Oh, Sir, do shew me the North Road.

Bilk'em. I'm well acquainted with the town—know every part of it.

Blunt. (Collecting his courage.) Then, Sir, I hope you will not refuse to shew me my right way—Ods-

heart! if ever I had it in my power to do you so simple and easy a kindness, how warm my heart would feel in the act! I wish you would come, and lose your way on some of our moors about Peatshire; how happy would I be in taking you to my cottage! give you a free night's lodging, and the best of my board made sweet by contentment. The next morning I would set you five miles on your journey, and shake your fist as a friend.

Bilk'em. I'm off.

Blunt. What!—you will not?—You said this was a dangerous place; surely you cannot leave me in it.

Bilk'em. I'm gone; and I repeat again, that I would truly give four shillings to be out of this place, if I was a stranger.

Blunt. You know, in't please ye, that four shillings is all the money I have about me. 'Tis true that I have my wages to receive when I go home; but how am I to get there, if you rob me of the means? For Heaven's sake, have pity on me; and when you have it in your power to benefit, don't make me wretched.

Bilk'em. Poh! you have all the wiles and insinuations of a beggar:—you'll find shifts to get home.

Blunt. *(Considering.)* Well, then, here are the four shillings. Shew me the road, and may Heaven protect me.—*(Gives the money.)*

Bilk'em. That's the road—*(points)*—straight forward. Ask, if you are at a loss.—This is your sorts—I'm a genius. Now for my engagement.—*(Exit.*

Blunt. Straight forward, and ask if you are at a loss!—What a villain! I wish I was at home.—'Tis an unfeeling world.—How lucky it is that the unfortunate have a better trust than in their fellow-creatures! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Boarding-School.

MRS. NEEDLE'EM *and* FARMER BAFFLEBODY *discovered sitting.*

Farmer B. Yes, yes, Madam, I understand you. What you say is very right; and I hope my daughter,

ter, with your instructions, will shine among her sex. Neither me, nor my wife, know much about *letters:* but we are determined that Beatrice shall. —Eh!—what!—is she gone?—Her father come, and she has scarce spoke to him!—That's a bad *sample* of manners, I think; is't not?

Mrs. Needle'em. O, Sir, too much parental affection savours of the country, where every simple girl makes duty a goddess, and fawns on her parents with cringing tenderness. Such low habits as those are totally banished from polite educations, and are not considered in the smallest degree essential to youth. Your daughter leaving you so soon, is a specimen of inadvertency, promising bright intellects.

Farmer B. Does it? Ho! ho! I ask pardon; I did not comprehend you, indeed!—Zooks! what it is to be learned!—I'll put that down in the almanack when I go home, and ask our parson if it be true, the first time he and I has a glass together at Tibby Tippleslender's.—But, Madam, you'll have a demand upon me.

Mrs. Needle'em. A small one, Sir,

Farmer B. All the better——Half a year, is'nt it?

Mrs. Needle'em. I have the bill drawn up. Excuse me for a moment, and I'll bring it.—*(Exit.)*

Farmer B. Surely, surely, Mrs. Needle'em.—I don't like this kind of scholarship now; but I suppose it cannot be wrong, as this great mistress says so.—What was it?—a libe—Sblunders! I've forgotten—A proof—*(studies)*—Ha! that fellow Bilk'em has come over my mind like a frost o'er a field of potatoes—He did nip me—Conjure him into a wheelbarrow for his impudence, a swindling rogue!—Oh, here comes Mrs. Needle'em, with a bill like a sheet almanack: what the Devil can it contain?

Re-enter MRS. NEEDLE'EM.

Mrs. Needle'em. Here is my bill for the board and education of your daughter for the last half year due now,

now, and I hope you will find it closely connected with equity's laws.

Farmer B. Iniquity and lies!—Sblunders, Madam, you've tumbled my heart out of its place—Iniquity and lies!—

Mrs. Needle'em. I'm sorry, Sir, that you are so prone to believe me dishonest: may I impute it to any defect in your hearing?—But look at the bill, Sir, examine it—and—

Farmer B. Very well. Madam—very well.—But I hope you are not affronted, Madam; that's all.—Eh! —you're not affronted?

Mrs. Needle'em. Affronted, Sir!—I think I have great reason. I'm not easily ruffled in my temper; but you've tried me; yet my character, I'm sure, will always shine through the momentary darkness of peevish detraction: the efforts of an honest mind will ever confute the impotent craft of malevolence.

Farmer B. I don't understand what you mean by all them fine words—But mind; say not a word against my honesty—ware that.—

Mrs. Needle'em. Then, Sir, I hope you wont doubt mine.—*(Exit.)*

Farmer B. Good humor, Madam, good humor.—*(Opening the bill.)*—Odswonders, it is as big as the conveyance of the cabbage garth which I bought of Squire Donover, where my poor dun cow choaked herself with eating cauliflowers.—*(Hums it over to himself.)*—"To a man, by her wish."—Whew!—Belly-bands, and cream-cheeses—what a wish!—The lass has gone mad; I'll have her home with me. —A man!—

Enter MRS. NEEDLE'EM.

Mrs. Needle'em. You'll have examined the bill by this time, and I hope—

Farmer B. Now I suppose you'll pretend that you've learn d my daughter every body knows not what; and among the greatest of 'em all, you've learn'd

learn'd her to wrap her honor in a thread-paper, and lay it in the parlour window, for any knave to pick up, and pop into his pocket.—Yes, and to complete her education, you send for a——

Mrs. Needle'em. Sir, I really——

Farmr B. Madam, I don't believe there's a bit of reality in you—but what savours of vice. Look here!—look here!—here is a pretty charge for a modest face to look at!—Read your own writing without a blush, if you please.—*(Gives the paper.)*

Mrs. Needle'em. I hope, Sir, I shall always be able to do that.

Farmer B. 'Tis more than I can do then. Look here—there it is—a pretty line to meet a father's eye—*(pointing it out;)*—and yet you view it with a smile.

Mrs. Needle'em. What, Sir! so this is what you make such a *noise* about!

Farmer B. Yes, Madam; and I should like for your modesty to give a *calm* explanation of it.

Mrs. Needle'em. Well, Sir, 'tis true I had not your directions.

Farmer B. My directions!—No, I think you had'nt, Madam—

Mrs. Needle'em. But your daughter was so very importunate, seeing other ladies rarely without one!—

Farmer B. Other ladies rarely without one!—Mercy on us!—Mercy on us!—

Mrs. Needle'em. She was so very intreating, that I bought her one; knowing that it could be no ruinous matter, even if you were not pleased to allow it; therefore I beg you may not grumble about it. I have always felt myself partial to your daughter, and will give it her freely.

Farmer B. And do you think it a proof of your attachment?

Mrs Needle'em. Indeed, Sir, although it cannot be called a liberal proof, yet I cannot help thinking it a small tribute of affection: it is but a trifle, you know.

Farmer B.

Farmer B. A trifle!—She's hardened in her sins—Oh, the dunghill of Corruption!—Madam, how dare you set up your face before me with such impudent composure, and flatly tell me that you've ruined my daughter?

Mrs. Needle'em. I ruined your daughter!

Farmer B. Nay, Madam, no feigned astonishment; 'tis your own confession. Did you not also say that my daughter's ruin was a trifle?

Mrs. Needle'em. Your daughter's ruin! Sir! what do you mean?

Farmer B. Madam, you are a dangerous woman. After all your open confessions this moment, you now have the deceit to seem surprised at your own words. Did you not get a———But 'tis expressed in your bill, Madam.

Mrs. Needle'em. In my bill, Sir!

Farmer B. Yes, in your bill; have you forgot? 'Tis an old saying, people of your stamp should have good memories.—Look there,—*(pointing to the bill.)* —"To a man, by her wish."

Mrs. Needle'em. A man! why, Sir, 'tis a *fan.*

Farmer B. F-a-n! *(Spelling)*—Oh, my dear Madam, so it is—I—I—Hem—ha.—D—n the spectacles!—I—I—beg pardon. My dear Madam, I beg pardon;—'twas all the spectacles, Ma'am. What is the amount of your bill? Eleven pounds, fifteen shillings, and twopence. Very well, here's the money, Madam; and I'm very much obliged to you. My daughter shall continue with you—you are so good, Ma'am—These vile spectacles!

Mrs. Needle'em. Sir, I thank you: yet I must confess you have a little alarmed me; but I see your mistake, and can readily forgive you. Your confusion palliates your errors; it shews with what mature caution we ought to act, as an error of this nature is apt to draw a more distressing blush on the face of a blunderer than the hot retort of a modern scold. That character, which has hitherto insured me the favor

favor of the public, I am sure will acquit me of infidelity to my pupils: I'm very sorry, indeed, that you thought me capable of such base conduct. However, if you are conscious of your mistake, and of my honesty, 'tis all the confession I ask.

Farmer B. Madam, I return you a hat-full of thanks, because you smile, and does'nt laugh at me. I am ready to ask pardon, or make any confession; but it was all the spectacles. Rat 'em, they've turned over young for me, although they are fifteen years older than when I bought them. Oh, here she comes. Oblooderkins, how frisky she is!—Come here, my Honey.—*(Enter* Miss B.*)*—Have you read your mother's letter now?

Miss B. Yes, dear father; and she says that you've been a'most frightened to death by a trick of Jack Rattlecap's.

Mrs. Needle'em. John, Miss!

Miss B. Of John Rattlecap.

Farmer B. John Rattlecap!—no such thing—we hav'nt such a *parson* in our parish—'twas Jack Rattlecap, and Will Splicetinder—Curse on their actions—trick'y dogs.

Miss B. Pray how was it, father? I hope my dear mother has recovered from the fright—I hope she is quite well.

Farmer B. Oh, yes, as healthy and fat as a hog. She thinks it is a long time since you left her, poor woman.

Miss B. Then will you let me return to her?

Farmer B. Oh, no—no—no—'Tis for your good staying here; is't not, Mrs. Needle'em?

Mrs. Needle'em. I hope so, Sir.

Farmer B. Yes—yes, you must stay here another half year, and mind be very humble and obedient to this good woman, who has been so good to you. I have to call on an old acquaintance in the town. I'll be back soon.—*(Going.)*—Beatrice, ah, you little jewel, how sprightly you look! Will you go along with me? Come. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Needle'em *alone.*

How ridiculous some men make themselves!—I've often wondered———

Enter Mrs. Bunch.

Mrs. Bunch. A strange sort of a man wishes to speak with you, Ma'am.

Mrs. Needle'em. Did he give his name?

Mrs. Bunch. He calls himself Mr. Bilk'em.—Such a *Mister,* indeed!

Mrs. Needle'em. How, is he not a gentleman?

Mrs. Bunch. Gentleman! I say gentleman! Had you seen how the impudent fellow turned up his nose at me, and faced me with his *back ;* was that the behaviour of a gentleman? Such a fellow to sneer at me! I, whose power of attraction surpasses the penetrative arrows of Cupid—I, who have so often commanded the plaintive wishes of my dying admirers, and forfeited a thousand chances of connubial raptures for the pleasure of dying a maid—'Tis insufferable.—Must he be shewn in?—

Mrs. Needle'em. Certainly.

Mrs. Bunch. Humph!—*(Exit reluctantly.)*

Mrs. Needle'em. I wonder who this man can be—He's made himself no favorite with Betty, however.

Re-enter Mrs. Bunch, *with* Bilk'em, *who rushes forward.*

Bilk'em. Madam, I have the incomprehensible felicity to display my respects. You are a brief of knowledge, and an instrument of good understanding: you are the conveyancer of politeness, and the assignee of chastity; nevertheless, a spinster. And whereas it having been reported to me by divers well informed citizens, that you are in want of a qualified gentleman to teach the resplendent females under your care the discipline of heel and toe; now be this known

known to you, and to all to whom these presents may come greeting, that I, Sampson Bilk'em, professor of the art, do now offer myself as a person capable as aforesaid. Given in the oral way, this present day of the month, in the presence of—What's your name? *(To* BETTY, *who affectedly waves an answer:)*—and now having made my declaration, I submit myself to your inspection.

Mrs. Needle'em. You give yourself too much trouble, Sir.

Bilk'em. Don't mention it, Ma'am. Look at me—*(Shewing himself.)*—Thank my stars, I'm a fine figure. View me—admire me—I was cast in the mold of Hercules, and reared under the eye of Apollo—There is a leg!—a curiosity of Nature. Here is a chest!—like a pounce-box—closely locked up with useful materials. Here is a pair of eyes! darting fire in profusion. In short, Ma'am, I'm your man to a *T:* you cannot have any other. I'm the thing—the very thing—your choice, your servant, and your slave.—Do you require a specimen?—I'll give it—*(Capering.)*—The right toe perpendicular, that's it: here I go—Madam, are you satisfied?

Mrs. Needle'em. Yes, that you are———

Bilk'em. Capable—Knew that—And now, Madam, as we have to agree, we'll talk the terms over.

Mrs. Needle'em. Excuse me, Sir; I don't think you'll answer.

Bilk'em. Not answer!—Stamps and parchment! prove it; prove it, I insist. Mind your words; I'll prosecute you for scandal, I will. *Descandalis Magnatum,* there's my pull.—On defamation, honor will retort—Slander I cannot bear. But I'll work a round penalty from you. Those words will do. You are a woman; no matter; man, woman, or child; no distinction; all the same. Mind, I'll prosecute you.—What do you say?—must it be made up?

Mrs. Needle'em. What a fool!—The door is open, Sir. *(Wishing to get quit of him,)*

Bilk'em.

Bilk'em. A fool! Very well; go on; say away;—all the better for me. Knock me up, feet and fingers, and take the consequence I'm a man o'the law—you, perhaps, don't know that.

Mrs. Bunch. A gander o'the law. *(Very contemptuously.)*

Bilk'em. Hold thy tongue, and I will forgive thy ignorance.—Be it remembered, that geese were once the preservers of Rome.

Enter FARMER B. *and* MISS B.

Farmer B. We have soon returned, Ma'am. *(Exit* MISS B.) My friend was—*(Sees* BILK'EM, *who advances to him.)*

Bilk'em. Ha! how do again? Any further commands with your obedient slave? I'm he at all times, when interest, opportunity, and conveniency, admit. What say you?

Farmer B. (Looks revengefully at him; without speaking, advances to Mrs. Needle'em.) Pray, Madam, what connections have you with that man?

Mrs. Needle'em. Indeed, Sir, none at all; nor do I recollect ever seeing him before. He has come to me under the character of a dancing-master. What claims his appearance has to it, I leave you to judge. —(BILK'EM, *Tol lol de rol lol, singing.)*—I should be very glad to have him quietly out of my house.

Mrs. Bunch. Aye, Sir, what claim has his appearance?

Bilk'em. *(to* FARMER B.) Any further discovery?

Farmer B. Yes.

Bilk'em. What is it? I'll take it *verbatim.*

Farmer B. I have discovered you to be a villain.

Bilk'em. Me!—Zouns, Sir, take care what you say. Defame me! you'd better not. Damme, I'm all gunpowder; touch me with the match of scandal, and I make an explosion in your pocket.—A villain! —Hem—Now I'll shake you through the Spiritual Court, until you resemble a deed of fifty years expi-

ration. I'll fathom your coffers to all intents and purposes, any thing contained therein notwithstanding.

Farmer B. Go home, and comfort thy distressed wife, man.

Bilk'em. You shall comfort her by and bye.

Farmer B. Me!—May I stick fast in a dunghill, if ever I come within your doors.

Bilk'em. Not so fast.—I——

Mrs. Bunch. Yes, begone.—

Bilk'em. (With contempt.)—Hold tongue, I say—don't talk to me with equality, thou prattler; thou parchment-looking gipsey: surely thou hast lived an hundred years, and all the while suckled fairies in subterraneous dwellings.

Mrs. Bunch. Oh, monster!—you horrible being! Oh—Mrs. Needle'em, I wonder how you can stand silent, and hear him ravish my tranquil nerves. But——*(pushes forward, and knocks* BILK'EM *out of the way, to get to the door.)*

Bilk'em. There—assault and battery!—Bravo! this will do.—An action, trespass, *vi et armis.*—Prosecute you all, male and female. Thank my stars for this fortunate day; I have actions will insure me twelve months bread. I'm the lad for a shift!

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Bilk'em.

Bilk'em. That's me—Here I am.

Servant. Hide yourself—Keep out o'the way. You will be hanged; the town is in an uproar for you—There is a warrant out to apprehend you.

Bilk'em. A warrant out to apprehend me!—For what?

Servant. For stealing a gold watch out of the shop of Timothy Mainspring. [*Exit.*

Bilk'em. (Self-convicted,)—'Tis not me: but I'll go the back way—Three actions!—Hem!—*(Steals out.)*

Farmer B. Conjure me into a peck of potatoes, but here is a change of weather. Oh, ho, Mr.

Bilk'em; you are the man up to every thing. Yes; and your being hoisted up to the gallows, will be a woeful conclusion to your *ups*, in my opinion.

Mrs. Bunch. Now I have my revenge. *(Shouting after him.)*—You thief—You rogue—You shoplifter—You——

Mrs. Needle'em. Hush, Betty; let him go.

Mrs. Bunch. Indeed, Madam, I think you might shew a little more warmth for—Hem—me. Why should I debar the minstrel of my tongue from playing the tune of revenge in the ears of my horrible aggressor?—But it seems I'm abandoned, for all my great services. No matter—I—I——

Mrs. Needle'em. Nay, Betty, what would you have me do?—Take this advice;—always receive scurrility with frankness, and your exposure to it will not be so great. Apish jibes and mockeries are the resort of fools, who, for want of wit, fly to buffoonery as a substitute. Their words go for nothing; and they are objects of pity to every judicious man of——

Enter Miss Bafflebody.

Miss B. Now, Mrs. Needle'em, do you know that Miss Marygold, and Miss Sweetlip, have got each a penny-poster, all so fine about love, and such queer matters! Ah, dear Madam, if you heard such fine words, they would cure you of the spleen. Then there is a picture too.

Mrs. Bunch. A picture! what is it?

Miss B. Oh, 'tis a beautiful picture. Miss Sweetlip and her lover are standing at the altar of Hymen. Hymen, Cupid, and Venus, are dancing a Scotch reel round them. Vulcan is discovered in a corner, making sky-rockets; and Jupiter is displaying them from the top of the parson's wig, and such rejoicings you never saw.

Enter Miss Sweetlip *and* Miss Marygold.

Mrs. Needle'em. So, Ladies—agreeable correspondence: this you've established. *Miss*

Miss S. Yes, Ma'am. I mean—Oh, dear, no, Ma'am—We have not the pleasure. I mean, that is—we don't know any gentlemen.

Mrs. Needle'em. Very eloquent excuse, Miss Sweetlip. I think your prevarication shews your guilt, Miss. Miss Marygold, give me the letters—*(They give the letters.)*—And how do you like your correspondent, Miss Marygold?

Miss M. Indeed, Ma'am, I nauseate a penny-poster as much as I did Doctor Ticklefair's medicines when I had the influenza. I don't like them—they are nothing but paltry flattery, signed with a romantic name. I'd have them to sign their real names, like honorable gentlemen.

Miss S. Like honorable gentlemen, Ma'am.

Mrs. Needle'em. So, so; a pretty story, indeed!—You'd have them to sign——But I'll put a stop to it. I know who they are; their dissipations are well—too well known:—they unite impudence to arrogance, and fly on the wings of presumption; but they will get a fall, and who will raise them?

Mrs. Bunch. Not me—I'm sure.

Mrs. Needle'em. But, ladies, I entertain this opinion of you, that you have too much sense to honor them with your notice. I have endeavoured to instil into your minds, an antidote to guard against the wiles of deceitful man. Be cautious and wary—look on man as a viper; shun his caresses, they carry with them a sting, a dreadful fatal sting. I speak from experience, and experience begets wisdom; suffer not yourselves to be trapped by artifice; nor let the smooth-tongued villain lure you to destruction. Thus, while you are free from the depravity of man, you may pass the bloom of your life in happiness, by the fire-side of your parents, and pay that tribute of pity so justly due to the married.

Farmer B. Faith, a fine speech: but I don't like the latter end on't. Pray why should they not marry?

Mrs. Bunch. And pray why should they? Did I ever marry? I'm a pattern for every thinking woman.

Miss S. Is there no reason why you never have married?

Mrs. Bunch. Because I never would. I stitch'd my mind with the plain stitch of resolution, and fortified my heart with the needles of defiance. Knowing that the unspeakable happiness of dying a maid, was infinitely preferable to the tortures of living a wife.

Miss S. I know a better reason than that.

Enter Servant.

Servant. A young gentleman waits admittance.

Mrs. Needle'em. What's his business?—I cannot—

Farmer B. Pooh! Pshaw! let him come in; we'll hear what he has to say. If his behaviour admits of a drubbing, I'll not spare my strong cane over his back.

Mrs. Needle'em. Well, admit him.—*(Exit Servant.)* One of my pupil's friends, I suppose.

Enter TOM HEARTFREE.

Tom H. In the name of my companions and self, I humbly apologize for thus ignorantly presuming to enter a convent—I mean a house—made sacred to female chastity; but having, by accident, heard that you blamed two innocent friends for what we were guilty of, we cannot imagine ourselves worthy their friendship, did we not thus frankly confess it.

Farmer B. A noble confession, faith!—Give me thy hand, my lad.

Tom H. I have not the honor of your acquaintance; but my hand is at your service. *(They shake hands.)*

Mrs. Needle'em. So you wrote those foolish letters—

Tom H. We did.—

Mrs. Bunch. And the Merry Andrew too—Stand out of the way, mean fellow. [*Exit.*

Tom

Tom H. Before I take my leave, Ma'am, we hope for yours and the ladies' pardon.

Mrs. Needle'em. I admire your frankness, Sir: you have my pardon on this condition, never to take such liberties again.

Farmer B. They won't—They won't. Ladies, do *you* pardon these frolicksome youngsters?

Miss S. Willingly, Sir.

Miss M. Indeed—and I'm sure they have mine; for how is it possible, you know, to be hard-hearted to those who declare so much love?

Mrs. Needle'em. Love! Why do you mention such a thing, Miss? If ever I hear you repeat the word again——

Farmer B. Ah, you young dog, I see how it is; you are casting sheep's eyes there. Well, well; that's the very way *I won* our Margery, and a sweet wife she has made.

Mrs. Needle'em. Sir, the intention of your call being completed, your business can detain you no longer here: you have atoned for your misbehaviour by your candid confession, and———

Tom H. Madam, I understand you—I take my leave.—*(Going.)*

Farmer B. Stop, my lad: you are a noble chip of jollity, faith; but you are leaving half your duty behind you. Mrs. Needle'em, do you freely forgive them?

Mrs. Needle'em. Readily, Sir.

Farmer B. And now, you young dog, I'll insure to you the ladies' pardon: can you not read it in their eyes?

Miss S. You make me blush, Sir.

Miss M. How can you, Sir!

Mrs. Needle'em. Misses! leave the room.—*(Ladies exeunt.)*—From my strict guardianship this night, I hope I have attracted the approbation of some kind mother, who will do me the honor of adding to the number of my pupils.

Enter BILK'EM, *hastily.*

Bilk'em. And *I*, by my strict attention to the branches of my profession, this night, humbly *hope* that I have added to the number of my clients. Gentlemen of the Jury—I mean Ladies and Gentlemen —I'm liberated, and here I am; and as I hope to have my name in the parchment-roll of forgiveness, I declare myself your most humble servant, ready to do you a kindness, by drinking your health, when ever you may furnish me with the means.

Farmer B. Oh, impudence! impudence!

Tom H. Sir, instead of defrauding mankind, by your impudent pretensions to a profession which, by men of your stamp, is in too many instances disgraced; it would be well if you would turn your mind on industry, and endeavour to cherish that grand origin of independence, so that, in an honorable way, you may gain your family an honest livelihood. You might then claim a character due to your countrymen, and none of them would blush to call you an Englishman.

THE END.

ON SENSUAL ENJOYMENT.

THE unceasing pursuit of sensual enjoyment, is merely a mean used by the votaries of worldly pleasure, of flying from themselves: they seize with avidity upon any object that promises to occupy the present hour agreeably, and provide entertainment for the day that is passing over their heads. To such characters the man who can invent, hour after hour, new schemes of pleasure, and open, day after day, fresh sources of amusement, is a valuable companion indeed: he is their best, their only friend. Having been continually led from object to object in the pursuit of pleasure, the assistance of others has habitually become the first want, and greatest necessity of their lives. *Z.*

PAULIN;

OR,

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

[Continued from page 58.]

HAPPY those whom a pure piety, exempt from a vain and ridiculous superstition, directs towards the sanctuary of religion, and, who inspired with a desire to do their duty, address themselves with confidence to the eternal Author of all created nature. Every action of my life has been preceded by a religious act, how little important soever; and, so far from considering the proposition of my friends as a superstitious weakness, I acquiesced in it with gladness.

As soon as mass was finished, I saw confidence shine in the eyes of the venerable pair; and this discovery made me feel so much pleasure, that I left the church more confirmed than ever in the resolution to oblige Captain Wilkes.

"Well, my dear Paulin, (said Bertrand to me,) what inspiration?"—"Excellent: And you Madame Bertrand?"—"Upon my word, my friend, I am inclined for you to lend the money; and I think I am not mistaken in thinking, that we are all of the same opinion." "You are right, wife. Paulin, you will now take two hundred and fifty louis d'ors, that have been paid me within these four days on your account. But, *à propos;* do you know where the Captain lodges?" "No; but M. Durant will give me his address." "That is not necessary, since I know it; he lodges at the Red Lion."

I received the two hundred and fifty Louis from my friend Bertrand, and then made the best of my way to the Red Lion, my heart palpitating with a mixture of joy and fear. Now, said I within myself, suppose he should refuse me? Suppose he

should be offended at my offer? How am I to address him? I cannot say to him abruptly, Sir, your humble servant: knowing you have need of six thousand franks, I bring them you, praying you to accept them? Why not? is there any need to confound oneself in vain and useless discourse, to announce to a real gentleman, that you are determined to serve him? The conclusion of these reflections brought me near to the Captain's lodgings; and I ascended to the chamber they pointed out to me, fully determined to make him my offer without many words, and as laconically as possible. The chamber door was open, and he pacing to and fro, so much occupied in thought, that I repeated to him, again and again, "Sir, your servant; Sir, your humble servant; Sir, I come to talk with you;" without his stopping, or even casting a look towards me. At last he perceived some person was in his chamber, and asked me, abruptly enough, in his jargon, half French, half English, what I wanted? "Sir, I come, that I may have the honor"——"I do not know you; leave the room." This reception disconcerted me so much, that I had not strength to speak. The Englishman looked at me with a sort of astonishment, (perceiving I did not quit the room.) "Who the devil sends me this young man? Is it Mr. Broucke who has commissioned you to ask for his demand? Go, and tell him, that to-morrow I shall be his prisoner: But leave the room." I could neither retire, nor explain to him the motive of my visit; but I had mechanically drawn from my pocket my five *roulcaux*, which I presented to him. He advanced towards me, then receded some paces backwards, and said, "Explain then, Sir, what is your business. What do you present to me there?" "Six thousand franks."—"Six thousand franks! and who sends you here?"—"Nobody, Sir."—"This, young man, appears to me very singular. Sit you down, and give me some explanation."

I obeyed,

I obeyed, keeping my *rouleaux* at the same time in my hand, and making every effort to banish my childish timidity, and to inform him. The Captain remained silent, and observed me with inquietude. When I thought I had summoned courage enough to enter into an explanation, I ventured to tell him, that I was one of the clerks of the late Madame Molard, at whose house he had been the preceding evening. This name awakened all his attention; his countenance brightened up; he drew his chair nearer mine; saying, that he then recollected me to be the young man who introduced him into the counting-house of the first clerk. "Is it from him, (said he) that you come?"—"No, Sir; it is on my own account. M. Durant related to me the unfortunate event which has befallen you; I could not hear the recital without feeling real pain: six thousand franks will, I understand, free you from your embarrassment; I am happy enough to possess that sum, and here they are, if you chuse to accept them."

Captain Wilkes changed colour several times; and rising hastily from his chair, he took some strides across the room, speaking English. A little more calm, he came, and seated himself again, took me by the hands, which were then free, and looking stedfastly at me, large big tears ran trickling down his cheeks as he spake: "Young man, you are willing to lend me this money?"—"Yes, Sir, that is my intention: to refuse it, would affect me very sensibly."—"You have confidence enough in me to lend me this sum?"—"Yes."—"But you may want it." "The most pressing want of my heart is to be serviceable to you."—"Excellent young man! Who are you?"—"An orphan, who had the misfortune to lose his parents at a very tender age; who found an asylum in the house of a virtuous man, that was lavish of his cares for me."—"You were obliged! Yes! and you deserve to be so."

I then

I then told him simply, and ingenuously, the events of my life, with which he seemed affected; and said to me, with an accent of the most lively gratitude, "I accept your money, young man; and I flatter myself you will not have reason to repent the confidence with which you honor me."—"I am convinced, Sir, that I oblige a gentleman, and a man of honor."—"O! yes; you may believe me such: I will this instant give you my note."—"Your note, Sir? It is perfectly useless."—"How, what! you would have me accept your money without giving you a guarantee!" "My guarantee is your fidelity; and when confidence, and a lively desire to be serviceable to you, brought me hither, the title that you offer me is absolutely useless."—"Young man, you are a protecting angel to me. No, never shall I forget your kindness; and in accepting the reward of your labor, I dare even pray you to add another instance of kindness"—"Speak, Sir."—"It is to do me the favor to go yourself to the implacable Mr. Broucke, pay him his money, and receive of him that fatal letter of exchange which has given me so much trouble and uneasiness. This service is worthy the generosity of your heart."—"I will go there, Sir, this instant."

In short, I repaired immediately to Mr. Broucke's; I flew rather than walked; so true it is, that the pleasure of a good action transports us, and gives us an extraordinary strength. Mr. Broucke was somewhat astonished when I presented him with the money that Captain Wilkes owed him, and could not help asking who had sent the money?—"Captain Wilkes himself."—"Ah, ha! I thought by pressing him, he would find means to pay. Unfold these *rouleaux*; count me the pieces they contain; for you ought to know, my child, that money is worth being counted." I did not allow him time to repeat his order; I could easily perceive that Mr. Broucke was one of those men who have a great regard for money;

money; and as soon as they were correctly counted and examined, he returned to me the Bill of Exchange, which I made haste to restore to Captain Wilkes. It would be difficult to paint the gratitude with which this generous Englishman was penetrated: he did not show it by vain protestations, it appeared in every feature in such expressive characters, that I could easily read what passed in his heart.—"You will dine with me, M. Paulin?"—"Sir, I cannot have that honor."—"You *shall* dine with me; a refusal on your part would be too great a mortification for me. If you have any other business on hand, you can attend to it, and return here at one o'clock precisely."—"Since you insist upon it, Sir, I will avail myself of your indulgence."

I hastened to give father Bertrand and his wife, an account of the success of my proceeding: they wept with joy, and applauded the good action I had done with all their soul. I must confess, their approbation gave additional value to the new trait in my character.

After leaving my good and worthy friends, I directed my steps homeward, very uneasy at the reception I should meet with from Henrietta; and not without some fears that she would be greatly out of humour with me, when she found I had disposed of three-fourths of my capital in favor of Captain Wilkes.

Henrietta was coming out of the house just as I reached the door: I approached, and addressed her, saying, "My dear friend, will you always remain ill-disposed towards me?"—"I have no answer to give you, Sir."—"If so, our conversation is already finished."—"Which you are not sorry for."—"You seem out of humour, Henrietta?"—"I choose to be so. As for you, you are never so."—"No, I have only one regret, that of seeing you angry with me."—"That is what you very little regard."—"You do not do me justice, Henrietta."—"But too much. Why

Why did you leave the house so early?"—"To pay my respects to M. Bertrand and his wife: you are not ignorant of the sacred obligations by which I am bound to these worthy people."—"No; no more than I am that you were with them at seven o'clock mass; and afterwards went home with them, and took from thence two hundred and fifty Louis, which you were in eager haste to carry and offer Captain Wilkes, who has determined to accept them."—"It is the exact truth, Henrietta; and, without enquiring by what means these facts are made known to you, I shall content myself by acknowledging to you that these things are really so."—"Accept my sincere compliments on the occasion; and remember that there now no longer exists any further connection between us."

Having so said, Henrietta left me, in spite of all my endeavours to detain her. My heart was pierced with the most poignant grief; I felt greatly distressed when I considered this rupture; and the satisfaction I derived from my good action, was poisoned with the idea of having lost the heart of my Henrietta for ever. I entered the house, tormented with the most cruel sensations; but, nevertheless, without the least regret at what I had done. Is it possible, said I to myself, that a woman, a sensible being, that nature created for the happiness of man, to be his consolation, can resolve to untie the sweet bonds of love, from a motive of vile and sordid interest? Ah, Henrietta! so far from blaming me for having fulfilled a sacred duty towards my fellow-creature, you ought to have applauded me for it. It is not then the qualities of the heart that you admire in him who breathes but for you, but simply the frivolous advantages of fortune. No, you never loved me! Who could confide in a passion effaced with the promptitude of lightning? Cruel friend! is it thus I love you? No; the sentiment that binds me to you is very different; and, in spite of the wrongs by which you

you render yourself culpable towards me, you are still dear to me. It is not in my power to break those bonds; and I feel it would cost me many painful efforts to accomplish it."

M. Durant, our first clerk, coming into my chamber, to give me orders for the arrangements of the next day, perceived the trouble I was in. "What is the matter, my friend? The little bantering of last night, I hope, has no serious consequences?"—"Very serious ones, I assure you; Henrietta has broke off with me."—"Lovers quarrels! those will heal again."—"I doubt it."—"I do not: Henrietta has thought seriously on the interest you took in Captain Wilkes's affair. I, in fact, think, that the poor girl seriously thought that you would certainly lend the money."—"She judged right."—"Pleasantry! You would not dispose of so large a sum?"—"I have disposed of it."—"Indeed! M. Paulin, I know not if I ought to blame or congratulate you. Your proceeding is very rare, and I think you will have few imitators."—"So much the worse."—"I agree that, to oblige is a great virtue; and it is to be hoped that Captain Wilkes will know the full value of the service you have done him."—"That value I have received the moment I was happy enough to be of service to him."—"I admire your character, and your manner of acting; but I could not have courage enough to sacrifice, like you, my hopes to the pleasure of obliging. Henrietta will do you justice, and will know how to appreciate your action."

M. Durant engaged me to give him the detail of my interview with Captain Wilkes, and I satisfied him on that head. He blamed me for not accepting a title as guarantee of my sum, and endeavoured to persuade me to accept one: not doubting but the Captain would repeat the offer he had made me before, of giving me his note of hand.

I left M. Durant, to fulfil Captain Wilkes's invitation. This worthy man received me with transport; and I must acknowledge, the raptures of his heart made me forget the conduct of Henrietta. Our dinner was prolonged until the hour of departure of the bark for Ostend, where I conducted Captain Wilkes, who intended to take the packet boat from that town to Margate, on his way to England. In bidding me adieu, the Captain embraced me, assuring me, that in six weeks, at the most, I should receive news of him, together with my money.

The whole town of Dunkirk was acquainted, by the next day, of the loan I had made: Some applauded my conduct; others blamed me: as to Henrietta, I could not get from her a single word; and if, at times, her eyes met mine, they expressed only anger and disdain. I was disgusted at her behaviour, but I could not help loving her.

Six weeks passed away without my receiving any news of Captain Wilkes. I was not ignorant that Henrietta seized all occasions of giving a free course to her indignation against me: the silence of the Englishman was a triumph for her: she foresaw my money would never be returned to me: I was an extravagant man, who had sacrificed love and fortune to the ridiculous madness of playing the man of high sentiments. I imagined I suffered as far as it was possible by her indifference; but love reserved a more cruel torment for me; Jealousy, that sombre deity, who feeds on lovers' hearts, began with mine. I have said, we were three clerks in the warehouse; I perceived that the third, whose name was Robert, paid an assiduous court to Henrietta, whose attentions were received with a sort of pleasure. Robert was a youth about my own age, of a common figure, limited understanding, rustic character, and had a great analogy to Henrietta as to the love of the specie. Both of them perceived the torments that inspired me with jealousy. Henrietta shewed more

disdain

disdain towards me; and Robert, who until then constrained himself to keep within the bounds of civility, became insolent, and a banterer; which excited such violent scenes among us, that my jealous fury made me exceed the rules of prudence.

M. Durant endeavoured all he could to restore tranquillity among us; but Henrietta, always governed by her resentment, took every occasion to embroil us, by openly protecting her new favorite, who, proud to be supported by her, no longer confined himself within the bounds of civility.

The time passed away with me in despair and anxiety, without receiving any news; and it was now more than ten months since Captain Wilkes's departure. My good father, Bertrand, and his wife, began to be uneasy; their confidence in Captain Wilkes weakened visibly every day; and I could easily perceive their fears to distress me, by giving me their opinion. They were acquainted with my disappointment of another kind; and I loved them too well to conceal from them what passed in my heart: I felt no comfort, but in depositing in their breasts, the consuming trouble that pressed upon my heart. M. Bertrand and his wife had taken a niece of theirs under their care, of about sixteen years of age, of an interesting figure, mild character, and whose every moment was consecrated to administer to them those attentive and affectionate cares, which are so great a consolation to old age. Josephine Bertrand bestowed on me those artless caresses that a tender sister gives to a favored brother: I felt a pleasure in talking with her; I loved her as a sister; but I did not feel that violent sentiment for her that Henrietta inspired. I, however, felt the advantage Josephine had over me; but my heart was fixed.

One evening, after a violent altercation with Robert, and things were come to such a pitch, that it was with the greatest difficulty M. Durant prevented our coming to blows, I called on my good

friends, my heart ulcerated with rage, and related to them the scene that had just passed. Josephine was present, and I perceived her affected to tears. She took me by the hand, and said, in a tone of voice which reached my very soul, "M. Paulin, I pity you much; it is cruel loving where one is not beloved." The accent with which she pronounced these words, shook every fibre within me. I was overjoyed, and cast a look at her with a surprise she could not but observe, as well as her uncle and aunt, who kept a profound silence. Josephine seeing my eyes fixed on her, blushed and grew pale by turns; her bosom heaved; her hand, which she had placed in mine, trembled: I, in short, felt the most strange revolution within me. I attempted to rise, and withdraw myself by flight, from the embarrassment, or rather the awkward situation, in which I was; but it was impossible for me to quit my chair, or to abandon the hand of Josephine. We all four remained silent. My good mother Mad. Bertrand was the first who broke silence, saying, "How many vexations are occasioned by this accursed money! No matter, Paulin; forget the six thousand franks you have lent Captain Wilkes, and think no more of Henrietta. As to the money, with such conduct and intelligence as you possess, you will be able to gain more. As to a wife, wise as you are, young, and industrious, you will find a hundred of them for one; then wherefore distress yourself? Are we not your friends? What we have is at your service. If you will hear reason, my husband and I can give you one much more valuable than Henrietta." "Hush, wife; you go farther than you are warranted. Our dear Paulin cannot doubt that we love him; but I would have him to know, that we will never persuade him to abandon his Henrietta." "Upon my word, husband, it is not merely my opinion; I think it will not be very difficult for M. Paulin to forget a woman, who conducts herself so ill as Henrietta has done."

It

It was easy for me to comprehend, from what had passed, that I had made an impression on the heart of Josephine; and that my generous protectors desired that Henrietta's proceedings, with respect to me, might make me wholly forget my unhappy passion for her. This idea, that struck me at the instant, and of which I could not afterwards doubt, made the deepest impression on me; and this impression was such, that I squeezed the hand of Josephine, carrying it to my breast, and exclaiming, "Why are you not Henrietta? or rather, why does not Henrietta possess the soft, amiable and tender qualities of Josephine?" Josephine looked me full in the face, and withdrew her hand hastily from mine. This movement, which I could not mistake, came like the blow of a dagger upon me.

M. and Madame Bertrand, whose situation became visibly more embarrassed, asked me if I would stay supper. Having thanked them, they did not insist this time that I should; and I left them in as awkward a situation as a man can well find himself.

(To be continued.)

ON COMPETENCY AND LIBERTY.

COMPETENCY and liberty are the true sweeteners of life. That state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which a man can sincerely say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness does not consist in having much, but in having sufficient. This is the reason why kings and princes are seldom happy; for they always desire more than they possess, and are urged incessantly to attempt more than it is in their power easily to achieve. He who wants little, has always enough.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

UNDRESS.

A Purple Caravan Hat, with a White Feather. A Purple Velvet Spencer, with full Sleeves. A White Dress of Cambric Muslin. Swandown Muff and Tippet.

FULL DRESS.

A Dress Cap, trimmed with Crimson Ribbon. A long Robe; Sleeves ornamented with Lace: the Robe tied down the Back with Crimson Ribbons. Buff Gloves. Swandown Muff.

UNDRESS. FULL DRESS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
SEP

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Sermons, selected and abridged, chiefly from minor Authors, from Trinity Sunday to the twenty-fifth Sunday inclusive; adapted to the Epistle, Gospel, or first Lessons, or to the several Seasons of the Year. Together with Eight occasional Sermons, on important Subjects; and an earnest Exhortation to attend Public Worship, &c. &c. Addressed by a Clergyman to his Parishioners. For the Use of Families. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, A. M. Vicar of Christ Church, Hants; of Great Ousebourn, Yorkshire; and Editor of the Abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. Vol. II. 8vo. *pp.* 716. 10*s.* 1804.

It is now twelve months [vol. xxii. p. 85] since we announced the publication of the first volume of this valuable selection of Sermons, by Mr. Clapham. Having been taught to expect a continuance of the work, we refrained from delivering our sentiments upon it so fully as we should have done, had the first volume embraced the whole of the editor's plan. We have at present before us a second volume, and unquestionably of superior merit. The discourses thus offered to the public, have evidently for their principal object the religious and moral improvement of our countrymen; to the promotion of which, they are adapted with care and judgment. They have only to be carefully perused, in order to convey the most comprehensive and salutary instruction, to interest the feelings, and gratify the taste, of all descriptions of readers. The least informed may read and understand; the most accomplished may ponder and admire. *British Critic.*

Friendly Admonitions to Parents, and the Female Sex in general; with Reflections on Moral and Religious Subjects. By Charlotte Badger, late Charlotte Wainwright. 8vo. 6*s.*

These

These sheets are very creditable to Mrs. B's morality, judgment, and good sense. Much wholesome and practical knowledge may be acquired from writings that boast neither the novelty of invention, nor the inspiration of genius, and such will not be sought for in vain in these essays. The eight which form this volume, are *Female Education—Reflections on Stability—The Necessity of Employment—Friendship—Sensibility—The Abuse of inferior Animals—The Power of Conscience—Religion.* *Monthly Mirror.*

A Tale without a Title: give it what you please. By Eugenia de Acton. 3 Vols. 12*s.*

A GOOD TALE is the title that we shall give these interesting and profitable volumes. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Judge; or, an Estimate of the Importance of the Judicial Character. Occasioned by the Death of the late Lord Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A Poem, in Three Cantos. By the Rev. Jerome Alley, Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield, &c. &c. 8*vo. pp.* 129. 4*s.* 6*d.*

The subject of the poem which we here announce is equally extensive, diversified, and important, and seems to invite, though it has, hitherto, little engaged the attention of the Poet. The soldier, the statesman, and the legislator, have afforded topics to bards of every age, while to the expounder of the laws scarcely has a wreath been dedicated, or a lyre tuned. Yet, in every country, and especially in Britain, the character of the Judge merits, perhaps, the first and greatest regard. In the language of the author whose work we are about to review, "A Nelson or an Hutchinson may conduct a nation to glory; but the acquisition of glory is of little importance compared with the maintenance of right; and the maintenance of right depends on the wisdom and firmness of legal administration. To the Judge, therefore, we are principally to look for freedom and happiness: he holds in his hands the palladium of our Troy; and if the city be to fall, it must be, in a great measure, by his guilt, or by his neglect."

Imperial Review.

The Fashionable World displayed. By Theophilus Christian, Esq. 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. Boards.*

This is a very keen and pointed satire against the follies and vices of the fashionable world; which is here represented as a nation in itself, subsisting under peculiar laws and privileges of its own. We are well pleased in general with the sentiments of the author; and we think that his representation of this *people* is calculated to produce, in many of the members, a lively perception of their true character. *Monthly Review.*

The Sabbath. A Poem. Edinburgh. pp. 96. 3*s.*

The subject which our author has chosen is that portion of time, which, by divine institution, has been set apart for man to enjoy a respite from the toils incident to his condition, to examine the course of his conduct, and to reflect on his duty towards his Maker, and towards his fellow-creatures. If devoted to the purposes for which it was intended, no institution could be more adapted to conduct men to happiness here and hereafter. But even with the imperfect observance which the nature and state of man allow him to give to every part of his duty, the Sabbath is productive of innumerable comforts and pleasures even in this world, which could not otherwise be enjoyed by the great body of mankind. These afford a field of description to the poet of the most pleasing nature; and it is in describing these that the poem before us is principally occupied. *Literary Journal.*

The History of England, related in Familiar Conversations, by a Father to his Children. By Elizabeth Helme. 2 Vols. 12*mo.* 8*s.*

The plan of giving the minds of children an early bent to the study of the history of their country, by enumerating some of its principal facts in the style of familiar conversation, may certainly with proper care be rendered a good one. Besides the taste that is thus acquired for historical information, an arrangement is made in the mind that must considerably facilitate future improvement, and reflections may occasionally be introduced, which may give an early habit of turning the reading of history to its proper use. The authoress of these volumes seems to have understood the manner in which the object which she had in view might most probably be attained. The facts which she has selected are in general well chosen, and perspicuity of arrangement is for the most part well preserved. *Literary Journal.*

Wallace; or, the Vale of Ellerslie: with other Poems. By John Findlay. Second Edition. 6*s. Boards.*

These ingenious pieces, which possess the *rare* advantage of being what the rhyming Butler terms "*poëtical* poems," have reached a second edition, and are now presented to the public with the additional recommendation of having been "corrected and enlarged." *Monthly Mirror.*

The Year of Sorrow. Written in the Spring of 1803. *By W. R. Spencer.* 4*to.* 5*s.*

It is seldom that the public feel cordially disposed to participate in the domestic distresses of individuals; yet the tale of private suffering will sooner and more forcibly affect many persons, than

than the eventful records of war, pestilence and famine. In paying a melancholy tribute to the memory of those friends and relatives, who, in the course of a single year, were severed from him by death, Mr. Spencer has contrived to interest our feelings; and to recommend his elegiac pages to every reader of taste and sensibility If his sentiments and images are neither new, nor particularly brilliant, they are such as nature dictates when we bewail the loss of those whom we loved. *Monthly Review.*

A Family Tour through the British Empire; containing some Account of its Manufactures, natural and artificial Curiosities, History and Antiquities; interspersed with biographical Anecdotes. Particularly adapted to the Amusement and Instruction of Youth. By Priscilla Wakefield. 12*mo.* 5*s. Boards.*

We noticed Mrs. Wakefield's Juvenile Travels in a former number of our journal, and gave them their proper share of praise. Of the present work we have only to say, that it is a companion to the preceding, and falls by no means short of it in merit.

Critical Review.

Circumstances respecting the late Charles Montford, Esq. By George Harley, Esq. 8*vo.*

We confess we have been agreeably deceived with the perusal of this interesting publication. From the title, we were induced to expect the memoirs of a man, whose memory might indeed be dear to the circle of his own peculiar relatives, but the minutiæ of whose life could hardly have formed the subject of interest or attention to an impartial and unprejudiced public.

There can, however, be no doubt, that at least the greater part of these "Circumstances" are imaginary and fictitious. The story, though simple in itself, is extremely well told; and, however we may regret its melancholy termination, we must own our interest has been highly excited, and our taste much gratified, by the perusal.

An English Spelling-book; with Reading Lessons adapted to the Capacities of Children. By Lindley Murray. 1*s.* 6*d.*

With the great merits of Mr Lindley Murray, in providing assistance for the instruction of youth, the public are well acquainted. He has now descended to the very elements of instruction; and with the same skill and judgment which he has displayed in his other attempts. We recommend to the public this most important little volume, as the only work with which we are acquainted, in the English language, for teaching children to read, written by a philosopher and a man of taste. *Literary Journal.*

*Cupid turned Volunteer: in a Series of Prints, designed by*****; and engraved by W. N. Gardiner, B. A. With poetical Illustrations, by Thomas Park, F. S. A. 4to. 1l. 1s.*

The assiduous antiquary who obtained our commendation in April last, for his edition of the Nugæ Antiquæ, now appears before us as a patriotic poet; as the illustrator of designs which are very generally understood to proceed from the hand of that fair ornament to the royal family, whose taste and ingenuity have been so repeatedly displayed to the favored few who visit Frogmore; and whose "Triumph of Love" gave birth to the Spenserian Poem produced by Sir James Bland Burgess, in 1796. On the present occasion, her Royal Highness has united loyal zeal and filial affection with picturesque imagination, and the union reflects a twofold lustre on her fancy and her heart. *British Critic.*

Good Tidings! or, News from the Farm. A Poem. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy, &c.

We have read the former productions of this poet with great pleasure, and took up his "Good Tidings" with expectations which have not, altogether, been fulfilled. Such a compliment was certainly due to the discoverer of the vaccine inoculation, and few, perhaps, could have paid it with more feeling or more effect. The ravages the disease of the small-pox has made in Mr. B's own family, made it a subject of peculiar interest to him; and he has rendered it so in a great degree to the reader. His picture of a "Blind Boy," who has been left by his play-fellows, is penned with peculiar felicity, and must awaken the most lively sympathy in the mind of every one who reads it. He is described to

"Creep on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And pluck by chance the white and yellow flow'r;
Smoothing their stems while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path, then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, *with a playful rapture round his eyes,*
Presents a sighing parent with the prize."

He describes his mother's anxiety during his illness, who,

"Hour after hour, when all was still beside,
When the pale night-light in its socket died,
Alone she sat."

The burial of these wretched victims by night, is enforced by that poetical association of ideas, which it is useless to censure, and idle to praise.

"No

" No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there;
Its horrid nature could inspire a dread,
That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.
The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to show,
Illumin'd by their trembling light below;
The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring cheek;
Religious reverence forbade to speak:
The starting sexton his short sorrow chid
When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,
And falling bones, and sighs of holy dread,
Sounded a requiem to the silent dead."

But

" Let the serpent die! this glorious prize
Sets more than life and health before our eyes,
For beauty triumphs too! Beauty! sweet name,
Shou'd rouse the mother's feelings into flame;
For where dwells she, who, while the virtues *grow*,
With cold indiff'rence marks the arching *brow*?
Or, with a lifeless heart and recreant blood,
Sighs not for daughters fair as well as good?
The *wish* is nature, and *cannot decay*,
'Tis universal as the beams of day;
Nor less the wish of man."

We are reviewers, cold, callous reviewers; and though we could make objections to a few slight deviations from strict poetical propriety, we echo the author's sentiments with an alacrity which belongs to this world.—Though we are perfectly satisfied with our female circle of friends, we have no objection

" For song to rise with ampler pow'r to speak,
The new-born influence of beauty's cheek,

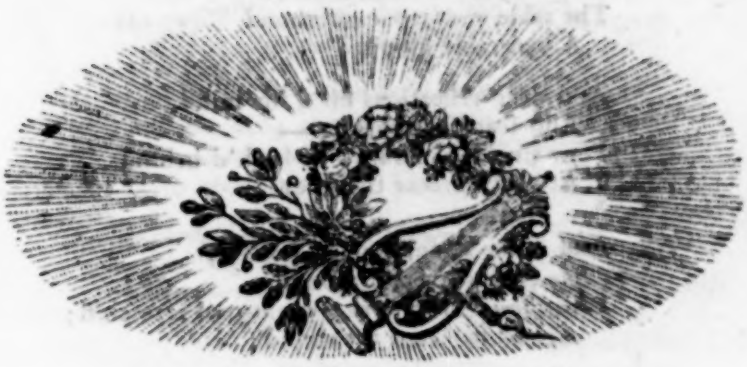
Which

Shall catch new fires in ev'ry sacred grove;
Fresh inspiration from the lips of love,
And write for ever on the rising mind—
DEAD IS ONE MORTAL FOE OF HUMAN KIND!"

Anti-jacobin Review.

Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of Sir William Jones.

We have spoken strongly on the extraordinary merits of Sir William Jones, and we have extracted copiously from the contents of this interesting publication: but words are scarcely sufficient to express our feelings on the former subject, and our limits do not admit of complete gratification in the latter respect; to the volume itself, therefore, we must finally refer the reader who desires more ample satisfaction. *Monthly Review.*



The Apollonian Wreath.

HODGE AND THE GHOST.

BY MR. FITCH.

CALM was the air, the sky serene,
Clear shone the silver moon;
Hodge, musing, view'd the silent scene—
The village clock struck one.

Swift o'er the dew-besprinkled plain
He trudg'd, and humm'd a song,
In haste his lowly cot to gain,
For Lucy thought him long.

No gale the dusky foliage shook,
But all was hush'd around,
Save where the silver pebbly brook
Sent forth a murm'ring sound.

No smoaky column, curling high,
Above the hamlet hung;
No glimmering taper met his eye—
Sleep hush'd the village throng.

The path that to his cottage led,
Lay through the lone church-yard;
With quick'ning footsteps on he sped,
And soon the spire appear'd.

There, over many a brambled mound,
And many a silent tomb,
The sable yew-tree cast around
A venerable gloom:

And deep reflections fill'd his mind,
And fearful terrors too—
Poor timorous swain—he look'd behind
At every breeze that blew:

And as the awful spot he reach'd,
He cautious gaz'd around—
When loud the cheerless night-owl screech'd;
Aghast he heard the sound;

But strove to chase such idle fears,
And stepp'd across the stile;
When, lo! a spectre pale appears—
No phantom did beguile.

Thrice was its grisly form display'd,
And thrice he saw it bow—
He stood amaz'd, and would have pray'd;
But, ah! he knew not how.

Poor Hodge! he call'd his sins to mind,
And o'er their numbers run;
But nought within his heart could find,
Of ill to neighbours done.

This rais'd his spirits, made him bold,
And thus he thought aright—
"Ghosts are but shadows, I've been told;
"I'll meet the daring sprite."

Then forward mov'd, and would have gone—
But now it rose again—
His short-liv'd courage all was flown,
His resolutions vain.

He stopp'd, unknowing what to do,
And terror chill'd his frame—
And still the goblin rose to view,
Then sunk to whence it came.

Some short while now 'twas hid from sight,
And Hodge march'd boldly on
Two steps, or more—he saw the sprite,
And felt his courage gone.

But Conscience, clear, was still his friend,
And urg'd him on again—
He gain'd his point; he saw the fiend,
And found his terrors vain.

A sheep, which wander'd from the fold,
A new-dug grave too near,
The mouldering earth beneath it roll'd,
No saving shepherd there.

Incessant striving to escape,
Its liberty to gain,
Oft upward did the prisoner leap,
But still he strove in vain;

Which, by Diana's silvery rays,
Met timid Hodge's eye;
And fill'd the swain with wild amaze,
Although he knew not why.

The wond'rous mystery thus explain'd,
And all his terrors lost,
His humble cottage soon he gain'd,
No more by spectres crost.

To listening neighbours, closing round
Oft at an idle hour,
Hodge would his mighty courage sound,
Which brav'd the goblin's power.

Clare.

TO MIRA.

THRO' shady groves, thro' flow'ry fields,
I've prov'd the joys which Nature yields;
But, absent thou, forlorn I stray;
I scarcely heed the beauteous way:
For, thou not there, ah! what, to me,
With Mira can compared be!
Not shady groves, nor flow'ry fields,
Nor all the joys which Nature yields!

Sweet is the woodbine's honied breath,
And sweet the many-blossom'd heath;
Sweet the lark's carol; sweet the song
That floats the evening breeze along:
Sweet are these charms! but not, to me,
With Mira's to compared be!
No, nor the shade of groves, nor flow'ry fields,
Nor all the joys which bounteous Nature yields!

ODE TO VIRTUE.

FAIR nymph! thou attribute of Heav'n,
To whom such boundless pow'r is giv'n,
My ev'ry wish be thine.
Come! now receive my ardent vows,
And aid thy suppliant who bows,
Devoted at thy shrine.

Thou, maid belov'd, from early day,
Hast led me on life's thorny way;
And ever wert my choice:
'Twas thou who didst my mind employ,
And thrill'd my breast with innate joy,
Whene'er I heard thy voice.

Still, then, O let me! willing share
The blessings of thy friendly care,
And taste of bliss refin'd:
Bid soft Reflection o'er me fling
Her calm, unruffled, sapphire wing,
And raise on high the mind.

Teach me to shun the boist'rous strife
Of Fashion's fools, who waste their life
In Vice's loathsome cell;
Then bring the flow'ry path to view,
The virtuous and the good pursue,
Where halcyon pleasures dwell.

And from that drear and darksome shade,
Where vile Seduction's arts pervade,
Guard well my wand'ring feet:
But lead me to that sacred bow'r,
Where calm Contentment rears the flow'r
Of innocence, so sweet.

Thus, then inspir'd, I can defy
The cruel shafts of perfidy,
And Envy's venom'd tongue;
Adversity, stern Sorrow's child,
With thee assumes an aspect mild,
And gives to Peace her song.

Yet, there's a time when health shall fail,
When the bright lamp of life grows pale;
Then most thy aid I'll prize:
For then thou'lt make the bosom glow
With joyful hopes—and deign to shew
A passage to the skies.

O come

O come, then, nymph, in bright array,
And all thy tranquil charms display,
  Transcendent to the sight.
Thy vermeil lips, and dimpled cheek,
Thy dove-like smiles, and looks so meek,
  Can kindle pure delight.

And bring with thee that beauteous train,
Simplicity, of peaceful mien,
  And Truth, with azure vest:
Religion, too, with heav'nly face,
Shall haste the joyous throng to grace,
  In snow-white garments drest.

Then, if I from thy paths should rove,
Ne'er let my breast soft transports prove,
  But wretched be my lot:
Recluse from man, may I remain,
Tormented by each heart-felt pain,
  Neglected and forgot.

Liverpool. J. BOWDON.

CORDELIA'S STORY.

THE tale of sad Cordelia's fate
  Is short, but full of sorrow;
She tells it at the rich man's gate,
  Assistance there to borrow.

'Tis not the whining cant of those
  Who grasp mild Mercy's blessing;
But from the lip of truth it flows,
  A tale of grief expressing.

"In affluence born! reduc'd by woe!
  "Our all, Oppression plunder'd!
"My father yielded to the blow,
  "From all his sorrows sunder'd!

"The gentle partner of his cares
  "Has lost the aid of reason;
"Alas! she's mad, and wildly stares,
  "Nor heeds the changing season.

"My mother, then, your help must claim;
  "I ask the pittance kneeling!
"Oh! give, and I will bless your name,
  "Ye gen'rous sons of Feeling!"

THE WREATH.

TO MYRA.

TO thee, this wreath, my Myra fair,
I send t' adorn thy flowing hair:
The snow-white lily's beauteous head,
The rich carnation, ting'd with red,
And various others you will see,
Blooming and fair, sweet maid, like thee.
Whilst o'er each flow'r thy fingers stray,
Bethink thee, Myra, what they say:
For even flow'rs can speak—'tis truth,
And moral lessons give to youth.
Behold how rich those flow'rets are;
Ah, can you aught with them compare?
Can the gay pencil's mimic art
To the bright canvas e'er impart
Those lovely tints with which they glow?
The painter faintly answers—No.
Yet this fair wreath, and all its hues,
In a few hours these tints will lose;
Will soon no more afford delight,
But die, and wither from the sight.
Thus then to thee, my Myra gay,
This wreath, so beauteous, seems to say,
"To thee how kind has Nature been!
"Than thee a fairer ne'er was seen;
"And sure, you'll say we're lovely too;
"Yes, fair and beauteous, e'en as you:
"Yet, pause awhile, O fairest maid;
"Thy charms, like ours, ere long will fade:
"Think, then, of that, and, whilst you've pow'r,
"Improve in virtue ev'ry hour.
"For she who has no other boast
"Than Beauty's charms, when they are lost,
"Like us neglected,—thrown aside,
"In cheerless solitude may hide
"Her once fair form; too late she'll find,
"That Beauty's seat is in the mind.
But cease, O moralist; no need
With such harsh truths to tune thy reed;
Thy lovely Myra knows full well
All the sweet moral thou would'st tell.
To her, sweet maid, is kindly given
The best and richest gifts of Heaven;
For to the beauties of her face,
Her heart and mind add ten-fold grace.

Battersby. J. M. C.

LINES

Addressed to Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF YORK, *on her regaling, at her own House, a Number of poor Children, who are maintained and instructed at Her Royal Highness's Expense.*

DEIGN, noble dame, to hear the Muses' praise,
The ardent strains, which they in raptures raise!
Your deeds transcend the praises they can bring,
And louder plaudits than they e'er can sing!
Propitious time! when this kind, gen'rous fire
Within your bosom rais'd the pure desire,
Through charity and love, to condescend
To be the childrens' guardian, and their friend;
To foster genius in its youthful stage,
And give instruction from th' enlighten'd page;
Bend their young minds in life's more early days,
To shun all vice, and its alluring ways,
Stamp Virtue's lovely image on the heart,
And all the pleasures virtue can impart;
That, as they grow, their knowledge may expand,
And rise the useful subjects of the land!
To aid their minds your bounty you extend,
And more than this—you are the bounteous friend!
As round your board sits each enraptur'd guest,
To share your bounty in the sumptuous feast,
Their hearts elate, how cheerful they appear,
And each, when parting, sheds the grateful tear!
These noble acts exalt your fairest fame,
And far, and wide, extend your much-lov'd name!
Examples these, for those with golden store,
To lend their aid t' assist the thankful poor;
Through sympathy their annual gifts to shed,
The orphan clothe, and give the hungry bread!
Such, then, like you, would have the childrens' pray'r,
And in their off'rings still demand a share;
Be hail'd the guardians of the infant's cause,
And gain, like you, their tribute of applause!
Illustrious Princess! may your life be long,
To hear their grateful, tributary song!
To be the ornament of Albion's Isle,
And long enjoy a nation's cheering smile!
And when life's scenes and transient joys are o'er,
And wealth, and splendid titles, charm no more,
May then your spirit wing its happy flight,
And find the regions of eternal light!

Market Drayton. GULIELMUS.

ELLEN.

DEEP thunder in peals roll'd in dreadful succession,
Blue sulphurous lightning illumin'd the sky,
When Ellen, the victim of sad indiscretion,
Fled swift o'er the heath, for no covert was nigh.

Forsaking the arms of her titled seducer,
She hasten'd, yet dreaded, her parents to meet:
No danger could tempt, no persuasion induce her
To rest till forgiveness she'd begg'd at their feet.

Alas! hapless Ellen, too late's the endeavor,
Too long you've neglected their pardon to crave;
Heart-broke by your flight, you have lost them for ever;
Their sorrows are hush'd in the cold darksome grave.

But who to thine ear shall unfold the sad tidings?
What tongue, but will faulter the tale to impart?
Ah! how wilt thou bear the rude scorn, and the chidings,
Of those who can't feel for thy deep-wounded heart?

May the Pow'r you've offended accept your contrition,
And strengthen the virtue which dawns in your breast;
May His goodness relieve your unhappy condition,
And soon in the tomb may your woes be at rest.

As despairing she wander'd alone unprotected,
How throbb'd her sad heart as she drew near their door!
At that instant a flash, by Heav'ns mercy directed,
To earth struck her down, and she never rose more.

SUSAN.

A LA BELLE MARIANNE.

WITH KISSES.*

CAN there than I a happier be?
How envied must I live!
When I, O extacy, to thee
Kisses unnumber'd give!
But where can I find words t' express
The fulness of my bliss,
When even you, yourself, confess
That sweet is ev'ry kiss?

Butterby. J. M. C.

* A sort of sweetmeat, made of barley-sugar.

EPITAPH,

Written at the Request of some young Ladies, for the Grave of a beautiful Spaniel.

IF, when the midnight robber prowl'd around,
Thou'st e'er been waken'd with the well-known sound
Of watchful house-dog, heard in time to arm,
And save thyself and property from harm;
If by the world thou'st been cast off forlorn,
And by the many thorns of mis'ry torn;
If, in the midst of pain, and poverty,
One faithful spaniel still has follow'd thee;
You will not wonder when these lines you trace,
Wrote o'er the grave of one of canine race.
Shall beauteous symmetry, in brutal forms,
Pass off, unheeded, to the wasteful worms?
Shall genuine gratitude, shall zealous trust,
Go unlamented to the silent dust?
Shall no one ashes o'er their relics strew,
Because they us'd four legs instead of two?
Pity, affection, gratitude, forbid!
Then, stranger, pause;—for here lies faithful FID.

THISMIAMES.

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

BY MR. HACKETT.

A MARK'D expression in each feature glow'd,
That seem'd to indicate a noble mind!
Yet on his brow a settled sadness dwelt,
Which seem'd, to Fancy's prying eye, to speak
Of feelings wounded by a merc'less world,
Or dire deception from the maid he lov'd,
Or base ingratitude from summer friends:—
Methought I felt an int'rest in his fate,
And wish'd and long'd that I could give relief,
Or charm the sorrow brooding in his heart,
And gently minister benignant balm
To one lorn breast, which seem'd too well t' have known
What anguish was—But vain the ardent wish!—
For, ah! to me, alas! he was a stranger:
And much I mourn'd that chance should yield us friends,
Who scarce are equal to the senseless brutes,
And hardly men but in their outward shape,
Yet keep asunder, as the distant poles,
Minds that are form'd to dignify the age,
And feel the finer sympathies of man!

Temple. *CONVIVIAL*

CONVIVIAL SONG.

Tune,—"*Balance a Straw.*"

WRITTEN BY MR. R——, OF GLASGOW.

SIT down here, my cronnie, and gie me your crack;
Let the wind take the cares of this life on its back;
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit;
We have ay been provided for, and sae will we yet.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
While he has not the saul to enjoy it himself,
Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,
As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.

Then we'll ca' for a tankard of nappy brown ale,
To comfort our hearts, and enliven our tale;
And we'll ay be the merrier the langer we sit;
We have drunk to ither mony a time, and sae will we yet.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through;
Our seed-time and harvest we ever shall get;
We have lippen'd ay to Providence, and sae will we yet.

Here is God save the King, lang may he command,
And success to his forces, by sea and by land;
His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit;
Britons have been victorious, and sae will they yet.

Let the glass keep its course, and gae merrily roun',
For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon should gae down;
Till the house be rinning round about, 'tis time enough to flit,
When we fell, we ay gat up again, and sae will we yet.

EPITAPH ON A CANARY BIRD.

BY MR. HACKETT.

NO more this little warbler's throat
Will e'er expand its thrilling note,
Or charm away a tedious hour
With silver sounds of dulcet pow'r;
Its notes are lost, its beauty's fled,
And here the songster rests his head—
He rests his head where airy songs
Mellifluous flow from feather'd throngs,

Who

Who gaily trill their sprightly lays,
When Phœbus sheds around his rays,
That dry the dew-bespangled ground,
And gild the slowly-rising mound:
Then, mortal, hear! nor dare despise
The bird that here unconscious lies;
For when thy vital spirit's fled,
No friends, perhaps, will mourn thee dead,
Or heave a sigh, or shed a tear,
Tho' thou wert coldly mould'ring here!

Temple.

SONG, TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

Tune,—"*Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon.*"

WRITTEN BY MR. R——, OF GLASGOW.

FAIR modest flower, of matchless worth,
Thou sweet enticing bonnie gem,
How blest the soil that gave thee birth!
How blest thine honor'd parent stem!
But doubly blest shall be the youth
To whom thy heaving bosom warms!
Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth!
He'll clasp an Angel in his arms!

Tho' storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,
Thy seraph-smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair!
Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there!
And sent thee from celestial bliss,
To shew what all the virtues are!

LINES

Presented to a beautiful young Lady who painted.

WHY use the fruitless aid of art
To such perfected feature?
A borrow'd charm you can't impart
To all superior nature.

Who'd wish the dappled pink should vie
With the red piony's cluster?
How give the gem a deeper dye,
Or mend the diamond's lustre?

Louisa

Louisa, leave such false finesse,
Nor so disguise your face.—
In paint and patch let others dress;
Trust thou to native grace.

THISMIAMES.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

A Pair of Spectacles.

NEW CHARADE.

MY First is consider'd as Liberty's child;
My Second's the son of constraint:
My Whole to the spendthrift, that's foolish or wild,
Is an excellent kind of estate.

Correspondence, &c.

Miss Menly's "Dream," "Modern Love," *and* "Imitation of Ossian," *are received, and will appear next Month: also* "The Old Yew-Tree;" "Verses with a Pair of Bracelets," *by* J. J. S. "Elegiac Lines," *by* Mr. Fitch; "A Canzonet," *by* J. Bowdon; "Mad Edward," *by* J. M. L. "A Domestic and a Military Life Contrasted," *by* Philomaches; *and* "Lines supposed to be addressed to the Emperor of the French, by his Brother, Jerome Bonaparte."

BRITISH MUSEUM
22
48
SEP

Countess of Oxford.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Poultry, March 1st 1801.